

INDIA 

... and ...

DAILY LIFE IN BENGAL

Z. F. GRIFFIN

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
AT LOS ANGELES



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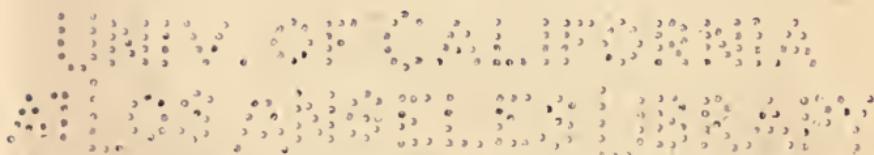
# INDIA

AND

## DAILY LIFE IN BENGAL

BY Z. F. GRIFFIN

Missionary for Ten Years in Southern Bengal  
and Northern Orissa



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1896

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## PREFACE.

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IN traveling in different States of America during the past two years as field secretary of our Foreign Mission Society, I have been asked many questions. Those questions suggested this book, and in it I have tried to answer them. There is no attempt at rhetorical flourishes; but plain, practical questions of every-day life, and facts in history and religion are discussed by a practical man. I have not tried to write an exhaustive article on any of the subjects, but enough is said to give the reader a bird's-eye view of this interesting land and people. If a spirit of inquiry is awakened, he can find exhaustive treatises on some of the subjects suggested. There are many well-written histories of India. There are also histories of mission work in India, and books on the religion of the Hindus. There *may* be books treating on the daily life of this people, their productions, occupations, characteristics, routine of mission work, etc., but I have not seen them. All the books which I have read on India, take it for granted that we in Amer-

ica know more than we do about that country. To tell the little things which others have not told, I have written this book. All but two of the illustrations are from my own negatives. The mission house in Balasore and the presentation of a Bible to Brother Thomas Stacy, by the native brethren of Balasore, are from "In the Path of Light around the World."

Z. F. G.

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Dr. M. C. Bamjee

M. D. (HARV'D)

CITY HEALTH DEPT.

LOS ANGELES

# India: Daily Life in Bengal.

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## CHAPTER I.

AN OUTLINE OF THE HISTORY FROM THE TIME OF THE  
RIG-VEDA TO THE BEGINNING OF THE REIGN OF  
QUEEN VICTORIA AS EMPRESS OF INDIA.

THE early home of the Aryans was no doubt somewhere in Central Asia. In course of time the country in which they lived became too small for their numerous offspring, and adventurous bands left their homes in quest of food or plunder or pastures new. These marauding bands went in different directions farther and farther from the old home land. Some of them settled in Persia; some of them founded the Greek and Italic nations; some, the Celtic and Teutonic races; and others, the Slavs of Europe. Others traveled more eastward and southward, and making their way through mountain passes, settled in India. Here they found rich pastures for their flocks and herds, and fertile land which they began to cultivate. But they also found that their right to these lands and pastures was disputed; for others had possession of them, and had occupied them for centuries before the Aryans entered the Punjab. Those who had

possession were the aborigines of the country, who were by no means ready to relinquish their claim. For the Aryans to gain possession, therefore, meant war and conquest ; but little by little, territory was acquired, and step by step the conquerors came farther southward and eastward.

It was while they were watching their flocks and cultivating their land in the Punjab, that they began the composition of the Rig-Veda. This contains the most ancient records of the Aryan family, and is the source of most of our information of this remote period, extending as it does from B. C. 2000 to B. C. 1400. This is called by historians the Vedic Period. This book is really hymns addressed to nature, which the Aryans worshiped ; but in the hymns there are so many allusions to domestic and social life, wars, etc., that they form a history of the times in which they were composed. We must bear in mind that the hymns were only composed and sung at this remote period, but not written. They were sung, and handed down from father to son, probably as Homer was by the Greek rhapsodists. It was not until the following age, or what some historians style the Epic Age, that these were arranged and compiled.

In the Vedic Age the Hindus had very few of the customs and characteristics which they have at the present time. This was a patriarchal age. In their simple devotions the head of the family was also the priest of the family, and his home

was his temple. The head of the family was also a warrior as well as a cultivator and herdsman. Caste had not yet made its appearance ; girls had some choice in the selection of their husbands ; the cruel custom of burning the widows on the funeral pyre of the dead husband, was unknown ; and wife and husband worked together in social equality. The flesh of animals, together with barley and wheat, milk and butter, seems to have constituted their simple diet. There can be no time fixed, upon which we can put our finger, and say, "At this date things began to change." The change was gradual but sure, for after six hundred years we find that the people had settled in the valleys of the Ganges and Jamna rivers, and were performing pompous and solemn religious rites, which sometimes, in the case of royal sacrifices, lasted for years. This period is called by historians the Epic Age. Now we find professional priests have come on the stage, who give discourses on the texts of the Vedas, and who attempt to explain their hidden meaning. The writings of the Hindus called the Brâhmanas are speculations and explanations concerning the Vedas, by generations of priests.

As these kingdoms increased in territory and population, they also made advancement in education and in the administration of their government. Men duly appointed, collected taxes, administered justice, and led armies to battle either against the

aborigines or against neighboring kingdoms of the Aryan family. Members of kings' households learned the art of shooting with bow and arrow, and riding in war chariots, while priests multiplied religious rites and observances. It was during this <sup>epic</sup> period that the great Hindu epic, Mahabharata, was begun. It was not written as we have it now; for portions of it have been lost, and later writers have attempted to supply the deficiency, or alter or distort the text, or add mere myth, until, as a historical record of the war it pretends to describe, it is considered of but little value. This is a record of a great war between two powerful races, or tribes, called the Kurus and the Panchalas. There are evidences that other neighboring tribes were also drawn into the great conflict. Though advancement had been made in arts and sciences, they were none less warlike than their forefathers. Though much of the Mahabharata is allegorical, it throws a great deal of light on the customs of the people of that age. It teaches us that caste was beginning to assert itself, but had not formed those insurmountable barriers which later ages witnessed. It shows that the seclusion of women was not practised, but that the highest in rank of these went to witness the public feats in archery and other sports, and that maidens selected their own husbands. It also teaches us that vice was not unknown; for Yudhesthesia, the oldest of the Pandavas, who is the most righteous

character in the epic, and was well versed in religious knowledge, after he came into possession of the kingdom, not only gambled it away, but also staked and lost himself, his brothers, and his beautiful wife, Draupadi.

From 1200 to 1000 B. C., we find the Videhas, Kosalas, and Kasis branches of the Aryan family inhabiting what is now known as North Behar, Oude, and the country about the present city of Benares. These bold races had pushed through the jungles, crossed rivers, subdued aboriginal tribes, and founded strong and powerful kingdoms. The writing preserved which throws some light on Indian history of this period, is the Râmâyana. Like the Mahabharata, scholars claim that it is utterly valueless as a history of any war; but the side lights it throws out are valuable in showing the progress made in conquest, as also the elevation to power of the priestly class.

The Râmâyana teaches plainly that no longer do the Kshatriya, or warrior caste, assert their opinions and their rights to any great extent; but even Râma, the hero of the epic, “though he encounters and defeats a Brahmin warrior, Parasa-râma, does so with many apologies and due submission.” Sîtâ, the heroine of the poem and wife of Râma, though purely a mythological character, begins to tell the early tale of woman’s complete and uncomplaining subjugation. Though caste lines have been made, there are examples where women have passed from

one caste into another, and even married into a different caste. Moreover, during this time, and up to the close of the epic period, only three castes were recognized; namely, the Brahmin, Kshatriya, and Vaysya; and these associated together, and ate together, and felt that they were a united people.

Though they had extended their territory far down the Ganges Valley during the many preceding centuries, they were not essentially a warlike people. They seem to have inherited the devotional instincts of the family as the European portion did the warlike propensities. They had made considerable advance in education, but their schools and colleges were more for religious instruction than anything else. They had discovered the lunar zodiac in astronomy, but their knowledge in this was used more for regulating the sacrifices than for any scientific purpose. Considerable progress was made also in developing a code of laws for the government of the people.

From the year 1000 B. C. to 242 B. C., historians call the Rationalistic Period. During these years the Aryans conquered many aboriginal tribes, and extended their kingdom into Central India and to the Arabian Sea on the west and to the Bay of Bengal on the east. This period seems to have been a practical period, and all their writings and teachings in religion and science were reduced to the most concise expressions. The literature of

this period is called Sutra literature, and the object was to replace the voluminous writings of the previous age by aphorisms. This style of literature rapidly spread, and schools sprang up in many places to teach it. These Sutras reduced the lengthy ceremonials of religious rites of the Vedas to mere manuals. In law we have the code of Manu, defining the duties of citizens, and in social life, the Grihya Sutra, defining the domestic duties.

Grammars also were written, and rules for pronunciation. In this they were in advance of the Greeks or the Romans. The grammar of Panini in the Sanskrit, compiled B. C. 350, is still the foundation of the study of the language. The science of geometry was discovered and somewhat developed, and the philosophy of Kapila is comparable to that of Aristotle in his reasonings.

No one can read the literature of this period, or any portion of it, without seeing that caste prejudices had taken a terrible hold of the people, and that the Brahmins exercised their privileges to the great humiliation and detriment of the common people. The oppressions prepared the way for Buddhism. The people were anxious to be freed from the galling yoke of the Brahmins, so that when Prince Gotama, the founder of Buddhism, announced his principles with regard to the brotherhood of man, they were hailed with joy. Though the Brahmins had prepared the way for the spread of Buddhism, and though the people seemed to flock

so around the standard of Buddha, it was three centuries after his death, which occurred B. C. 447, before Asoka, the greatest of India's emperors, declared it to be the religion of the state. Such was the hold that Hinduism had upon the people. If it took Buddhism, which had much in common with Hinduism, three centuries to convert the people, where is the ground for discouragement in Christian missions?

Hitherto all the light that has been thrown on Indian history is gathered from the writings of the Hindus, which are mostly of a religious nature; but toward the close of this period, India began to come in contact with portions of the family which had, many centuries before, drifted westward. Herodotus, the Greek historian who lived between 400 and 500 B. C., speaks of the Hindus as the greatest nation of the ages.

The same writer tells us that Darius the Persian subjugated a portion of India, and that his ships sailed down the Indus to the sea. Later, Magasthenes, a Greek, in the fourth century B. C., came to India, and lived with one of the kings, and wrote of its civilization and conquests. These writings show that all of India, except some of the deserts and some of the mountain fastnesses, had been conquered, and the aboriginal tribes either subjugated and Hinduized or else driven back into these barren places and mountain retreats.

Toward the close of this period other important

events were transpiring, among which was the invasion of the country by Alexander the Great. He entered India 327 B. c., and had it not been for the intense heat of the summer and the southwest monsoon, he might have marched his conquering armies through the whole length of India. It was not because there were no native armies to oppose him, but because the native kings were jealous of each other, and often would rather espouse the cause of Alexander, if a local enemy could thereby be humbled, than unitedly to oppose him and save their country. But the heat was a more powerful enemy than the Indian armies, and Alexander resolved to withdraw from the country. He constructed a fleet upon which part of the army sailed down the Indus, and thence up the Persian Gulf ; and part went overland, through Beluchistan and Persia. He founded some cities during his brief stay, of which the present city of Haidarabad is one. Later, other marauding Greek bands came into the country, and as far south as Oude, but established no kingdoms.

Internal dissensions were rife in this period, and there were frequent changes of dynasties. This condition made the inhabitants an easy prey to any strong, warlike, and united people. From the west such a host was coming in upon them. In the year 126 B. c. the Cythian, or Tartar, tribe <sup>Cyth</sup> came down through the mountain passes of the northwest, and established a foothold in the Punjab.

They came to stay and to extend their territory, and it is recorded of one of their kings, Kanishka, that he extended his kingdom as far south as Agra.

Valliant kings arose in India to repel and expel these northern hordes; and the struggles were long, and the results various. In the year 515 A. D., the great Hindu king, Vikramaditya, arose and regained possession of the greater part of India, and established peace, which lasted for two centuries. This was also the period in which the Pauranas, one of the sacred books of the Hindus, was written, and it also witnessed the rapid decline of Buddhism. In the eighth century A. D. the Rajput, who had hitherto scarcely been reckoned to be within the pale of the Aryan Hindus, rose to power.

The founder of this dynasty was a brave general in Gujarat, Senapati Bhalarka by name, who declared his independence, and, carrying the banner of Puranick Hinduism, established Brahmin supremacy everywhere in India. In the twelfth century A. D., India was ruled by three Rajput kings,—Prothu Rai Chohan at Delhi and Ajmir; Jaya Chandra Rathore was king of Kanauj, Allahabad, Oude, and Benares; and Bhima Deva was ruler of Gujarat and Central India.

But the days of the brave Rajputs, who had ruled India for nearly four centuries, were numbered. Shahabuddin Ghori, a Mohammedan conqueror, entered India A. D. 1191, and led his victorious armies through the country. The Rajputs, after

making a brave but unsuccessful attempt to save their kingdom, returned to Rajputana, leaving the Mohammedans the undisputed possessors of the country. Shahabuddin Ghori was a practical ruler, and at once set about the task of thoroughly organizing his kingdom. The name of Ghori's Indian viceroy was Kutub-ud-din, who, upon the death of his sovereign, established a new dynasty called the Slave dynasty from the fact that Kutub-ud-din was once a Turkish slave. The great minaret twelve miles from Delhi, which is one of the wonders of the world, was erected in memory of Kutub-ud-din.

Other Mohammedan dynasties followed as they could by intrigue or power gain the ascendancy. In 1398 the great Tartar general, Tamerlane, swept over the country, devastating cities and murdering the people; but when satiated with blood, he retired toward Central Asia.

In 1526 A. D., Baber entered the country, and established the Mogul dynasty. The country was divided into many petty kingdoms, ruled both by Hindu princes and Mohammedan kings. Baber was a lineal descendant of Tamerlane, and, like him, was fierce and warlike, and took delight in the task before him. As Shahabuddin had done centuries before, so he now went from one victory to another, until at his death, which occurred 1530 A. D., he held possession of India as far as Behar in the eastern valley of the Ganges. His son, who

succeeded him, was not able fully to hold together the kingdom, on account of family dissensions; but his grandson, Akbar the Great, who began to reign 1556 A. D., thoroughly established the Mogul empire.

Of the work of Akbar and his successors, we have no time to speak. Suffice it to say that the finest architecture of India belongs to this period. The palace of Delhi, with the peacock throne, was built by one of these kings, and also the Taj Mahal at Agra. This latter is the architectural gem of the world, and was built by Shah Jehan in honor of his wife, Mumtazi Mahal, whose tomb it is. Aurangzeb was the last of the Mogul kings who ruled with any force or independence of character, and the empire began gradually to crumble after his death.

The rising of the Sikhs and Mahrattas among the Hindus, and the appalling depredations of the Afghans, as they made six successive invasions, were the direct causes which contributed to the fall of the Mogul empire. It may be said to have disappeared, so far as exerting any influence on the country, in 1765; though for nearly another century they kept up an appearance of sovereignty. Mahamed Bahadur Shah, the seventeenth Mogul emperor, and last of the race of Timur, for his complicity in the mutiny of 1857, was banished to Rangoon, where he died in 1862.

In the meantime Great Britain appeared on the

field, and taking advantage of, or pity on, the utter chaotic condition of the country, began to establish a foothold with a view of becoming a nation in India. The English had long been in India as traders, under the name of the East India Company. This company was organized in 1600 A. D., with a capital of £70,000, and had purchased some possessions in the vicinity of Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta, and had opened up many trading-points here and there. The whole of Calcutta, with the surrounding country, was purchased from the viceroy of Bengal. He sold his valuable territory in order to get money to carry out his scheme for the succession of the Mogul empire. The present Fort William, one of the largest forts in the world, was begun in 1707. Fort Saint David, on the Coromandel Coast, had also been erected. With money, a few strong forts, and a few brave soldiers, the English were in a position to take advantage of the conditions as above described.

It is not the object of this brief narrative to give a detailed account of the history of the rise of the English in India. There are many well-written histories on this subject, and they may be found in almost any bookstore. A few leading facts will, however, be in place. The French had, in some places, and the Portuguese in others, established themselves. The Mahrattas and the Sikhs were at war with the Moguls, and other internal wars also prevailed.

During part of this time, France and England were fighting, which necessarily involved their India possessions. It soon became known that English soldiers were good fighters, so the East India Company was often appealed to for help by one or the other of the many contending parties. At the close of nearly all these contentions and battles, favorable treaties for the English were entered into, and new territory was acquired. After the Company had secured a strong foothold, the settled policy was to acquire new territory as fast as possible. The history of the conquest of Bengal, and the achievements of Lord Clive ; of Warren Hastings and his operations ; the first Mahratta war, and the war with Mysore ; Lord Cornwallis, and the second Mysore war ; the Marquis of Wellesley, and his settled policy of making the English the one paramount power in India, and his third Mysore war and second Mahratta war ; and the great acquisitions of territory under these administrations,—these make very interesting reading, and may be found fully treated in Hugh Murray's history of India, or in that of James Grant, or in any other standard work. The further conquests of Lord Minto, and his consolidation of the conquests of Wellesley ; Lord Moira, and his war with Nepaul, by which the hill stations of Naini Tal, Mussourie, and Simla were acquired from the brave and warlike Gurkhas ; the war in Central India with the Pendaris ; and the last Mahratta war,—form interesting chapters.

Following these eventful times was the first Burmese war, 1824-26, by which Assam and other portions of the northeast, came into the possession of the English. During the time of Lord Bentinck, *sati*, or the burning of the live widow on the funeral pyre with the dead body of her husband, was prohibited and done away with. In connection with this we may see the elasticity of the conscience of the Hindu. When the order was passed prohibiting this most inhuman practise, a deputation of Brahmins waited on the viceroy, and told him that their consciences told them that *sati* was the right thing for them to practise. Lord Bentinck replied, "Very well, follow the dictates of your conscience ; but the Englishman's conscience tells him that whoever aids or abets in murder, shall be hanged. You burn your widows according to your conscience, and we will hang you according to ours." Suffice it to say, no Brahmins were hanged for conscience' sake.

Soon after the acquisition of Assam, came the Afghan war, which resulted in the utter defeat of the English, and in which four thousand fighting men and twelve thousand camp-followers perished either in the snowy defiles of Kurd Kabul, or from the knives and guns of the treacherous Afghans. The first Sikh war gave Lahore to the British, and under the administration of Lord Dalhousie, Oude, Nagpore, and parts of the Punjab and Burma, and other possessions were annexed. Lord

Dalhousie turned the sod for the first railroad, and established in certain parts of the country telegraphic communication.

The next important event in the history of India is the terrible mutiny of 1857. The causes of this wide-spread disaffection have been discussed time and again. Whatever may have been the cause or causes, the direct occasion was the introduction of the Enfield rifles and the greased cartridges to be used with them. It was rumored among the sepoys (native soldiers), who were both Hindus and Mohammedans, that the grease used in these cartridges was made from the tallow of the cow and the fat of the hog. The hog is unclean to the Mohammedan, and the cow is sacred to the Hindu, so that report was a sharp two-edged sword which cut both ways. It is probable the real cause of the disaffection lay in the fact that the people saw that Western ideas and ways were creeping into the country, and that in time, unless something was done to check it, their ancient customs and religion would be overthrown.

The first overt mutinous act occurred February 25, at Berhampore, one hundred and sixteen miles north of Calcutta. This act was the 19th Bengal Native Infantry's refusing to accept the cartridges. Soon the blood of an English officer was shed, which was the signal for the lighting, so to speak, of the fires of war on every hilltop. By May this spirit of rebellion had become so extensive and so

rampant that every Englishman in India felt prepared for any news. It came from Merut and told of the burning of the English quarters, and the massacreing of men, women, and children by the sepoys. From Merut they went to Delhi, only twelve miles away.

But why attempt to tell of the terrible carnage of that year? Delhi, Lucknow, and Cawnpore are almost synonyms for all that is brave, and true, and suffering on the part of the English, men, women, and children; and all that is cowardly, treacherous, and savage on the part of the sepoys. Taking into account the character of the combatants and those connected with them, and the terrible odds against the English, there has probably been no event in the history of any nation, of more thrilling interest than the sepoy mutiny of 1857. Though Delhi fell, it was retaken; though sixty thousand sepoys surrounded the Residency at Lucknow, it was relieved by five thousand British soldiers; though Cawnpore had witnessed the most terrible butchery of innocent women and children ever recorded, and had come fully into the hands of the rebels, it was not long held. Town after town was reoccupied, which had been taken by the mutineers, and fort after fort was stormed, until in January, 1859, the echo of the last gun died away, and the last fugitive was chased across the frontier.

On the first of November, 1858, at a grand *durbar* held in Allahabad, Lord Canning, the viceroy

of India, sent forth the royal proclamation, that the queen of England had assumed the government of India. Thus was brought to a close the history and existence of the East India Company, the greatest commercial and military company that ever existed ; and thus began the reign of Queen Victoria as empress of India. Religious neutrality and justice have been the guiding principles of the queen ; and in no time since the age of the Rig-Veda, have the people of India been so secure in the possession of their property and their civil rights and religious privileges as to-day.

In these pages I have tried to give a bird's-eye view of the events of the centuries, the knowledge of which will, I trust, give us a better idea of the people, the country, and the problems before us as Christian workers:



GROUP OF FREE BAPTIST MISSIONARIES IN SOUTHERN BENGAL, 1891.

TOP ROW.—Z. F. Griffin, Miss Butts, M. C. Miner, A. Sanborn, Miss Combs, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Eliza Bachelder, Dr. N. M. Phillips, Mrs. Miner.  
SECOND ROW.—Miss Hooper, Mrs. Griffin, Mrs. Boyer, Dr. Mary Bachelder, A. B. Boyer, Willie Bachelder, Dr. O. R. Bachelder, T. H. Stacy, F. W. Brown, J. Rae.  
THIRD ROW.—Geo. Henderson, Mrs. Ager, Geo. Ager, Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. S. Bachelder, Dr. O. R. Bachelder, T. H. Stacy, F. W. Brown, J. Rae.  
CHILDREN.—Nellie Griffin, Bryant Griffin, Frankie Griffin, Luis Bachelder, Otis Bachelder, Hawley Miner, Alma Miner.



## CHAPTER II.

### POLITICAL DIVISIONS AND HOW THE COUNTRY IS GOVERNED.

INDIA may be said to be divided politically into five divisions: 1. The Portuguese have two or three possessions. 2. The French have a portion, and a little more than the Portuguese. 3. There are two independent states in the northern part, Nepaul and Bhutan. 4. There are one hundred and sixty native protected states, which embrace one third of all the territory of India. These are ruled by native kings who have with them, usually at their capital, a British resident. The work of the latter is to look after British interests, and to advise with the king on all important subjects. 5. There are five provinces, which embrace the most fertile parts of India, directly under British rule. They contain about one million square miles of territory, and about one hundred and twenty-five million people. These five provinces are the Punjab farthest to the northwest, next the Northwestern Provinces and Oude, then Bengal, Madras, and Bombay.

The Punjab has a lieutenant-governor as the highest resident official. This is also true of the Northwestern Provinces and Oude. Bengal has

a lieutenant-governor and a legislative council. Madras has a governor and two councils, which is also true of the Bombay Presidency. Aside from these five principal divisions, certain provinces are governed by Chief Commissioners, as are also the Central Provinces,—Assam, Berar, Ajmir, and Coorg. Below governors, lieutenant-governors, and chief commissioners, are commissioners. Provinces are divided into districts, and these commissioners have supervision over a certain number of districts; *e. g.*, Bengal contains one hundred and sixty thousand square miles, and has seventy million people. There are forty-five districts in this province, and nine commissioners, giving to each an average of five districts, though all do not have the same extent of territory. The commissioner exercises supervision over the magistrate and collector, and periodically inspects their offices. At the head of each district is a magistrate and collector, who is virtually king under certain restrictions. A district of the average size in Bengal is thirty-six hundred square miles, or nearly as large as the State of Connecticut, and contains more than twice as many people as there are in Connecticut. Districts vary in size. Midnapore has a population of two and one-half million; Balasore has a population of one million.

The duties of the magistrate and collector are various. He is supposed to exercise a paternal care over the people. He must travel throughout his

district ninety days each year, to find out just what is needed. He must look over the roads, visit the hospitals and schools, examine the crops, see if sanitation is observed, provide supplies of rice and drinking-water if there be a failure, look after the settlement or remeasurement of lands, which takes place once in twenty years, sometimes settle disputes between large landholders, receive distinguished visitors, inspect liquor, and opium, and gunja shops, etc., etc. He is also chairman of the District Board, and must sign nearly every document. He has many cases to decide in court, and sometimes acts as an arbitrator.

Districts are subdivided. In Bengal, for example, there are eighty-one subdivisions. At the head of each of these is a deputy magistrate and collector, called also a subdivisional officer. He is subject to the magistrate-collector and refers matters to him when necessary. These are again subdivided into what are called *thannahs*. The *thannah* is the unit in the governmental and political arrangement. The whole arrangement is a wheel within a wheel, and yet the clock runs well, and keeps good time.

In each district there is a *kutchery* (court-house) town. In this town the officers of the district usually reside, and here is where the treasury is found. Here are many lawyers, and here is where the people come to settle their grievances. In an ordinary *kutchery* town, one will usually find

these officers: 1. Magistrate and collector. 2. Civil surgeon. This officer gets a fixed salary to attend to the bodily ailments of the civil servants of the government. He is at liberty to have also an outside practise. 3. Superintendent of public works. This officer has general supervision of canals, roads, and public buildings. 4. Superintendent of police. His duties are to inspect the different police stations, and keep the police department in running order as nearly as possible. If the district be a large one, there is also likely to be some officers in the judicial line, as a judge and a joint magistrate. There may be also a superintendent of jails. As a rule these officials are friendly to missionaries, and invite them occasionally to dine with them.

The officials mentioned are what are called "society people," and missionaries are regarded as being on a social equality with them. The wives of these officials may also be in the town, but it is more than probable that some, if not all of them, are in England. All of these offices may be filled by natives, and usually some natives are found filling them. Aside from these society people, there are some lower caste people filling minor positions, as in the post-office and telegraph office. Quite often these are filled by Eurasians,<sup>1</sup> and sometimes by natives. There is also belonging to this class a district engineer, a police inspector, a deputy in-

<sup>1</sup> Part European and part native.

spector of schools, and one or more salt inspectors. Every officer gets a mileage for traveling, so many of this latter class, who spend much of their time in going from place to place through their district, add largely to their income. Indeed, it is their duty to do this kind of work, so they are seldom found in the stations.

Almost every night of the year the Europeans in government service meet together, either at the club house, or in some private house. The time before dark is spent in tennis and conversation, and after dark with music and often dancing. Most Englishmen think "pegging" a necessity, and many indulge to excess. One of the saddest sights to be seen in India, is so many fine-looking young Englishmen going down to premature graves through drink. This last remark has no relation to the government of India, and yet is true with respect to many government officials.

Another officer who is always to be found in a kutchery town is a munsiff. He is in the judicial line, and tries cases of a civil nature. The Hindus are very fond of lawing, and therefore this officer is a hard-worked man. His court-room is open every day in the year, except on legal holidays, and he seldom or never gets his cases all off the docket. There are also officers who look after the revenue. The collector is at the head of this department, and he has with him quite a staff as inspectors and clerks.

Perhaps there will be no better place than this to make a few remarks upon this question. The revenue of India is about \$375,000,000 annually, and is derived from the following sources : Opium shipped to China, \$32,500,000 ; opium consumed in India, \$17,500,000 ; tax on salt, \$37,000,000 ; stamps, \$16,000,000 ; liquor, \$21,300,000 ; land tax, \$110,000,000. The balance is made up from the earnings of the railroads, post-offices, forest, income tax, and duties on a few imports, such as fire-arms, etc. Some may be curious to know how salt is taxed. It is simply in this way : For every pound of salt which is imported from England, mined in the country, or evaporated from sea water, the government requires a certain revenue. There are many places in Orissa where salt water oozes up from the ground, and is evaporated by the sun, leaving deposits of salt. It is the duty of the salt inspectors to see that none of this salt is gathered by the poor people, and to see that no sea water is evaporated unlawfully. The revenue from liquor and opium consumed by the people of India, amounts to nearly \$40,000,000 annually. The policy of the government in fostering these industries, if we may call them industries, is to increase the sale rather than to diminish it. If the government would put her machinery as vigorously at work to repress these evils, as she does to prohibit the illicit making of salt, no doubt drinking and opium-eating could well-nigh be abolished.

We have been talking about the government and the presidencies of the district, but this does not cover all the ground. At the head of all this complicated machinery of government, is the viceroy. This officer was called a governor-general under the East India Company. He is appointed by the queen of England as her representative ; and he, with his council, is the highest legislative power in India. His council has two departments,—executive and legislative. The former has six members, and the latter from twelve to eighteen. The members of the legislative council include the executive council. He is a lord or a marquis, and is generally a fair-minded and capable man. His winter home is in Calcutta, and his summer home in Simla, a beautiful hill station north, up in the Himalaya mountains. It is an event in Calcutta when the viceroy and his retinue return there, about December 1 ; and it is also an event in Simla when they arrive there, early in the spring. He is a well-paid officer, and has the satisfaction of living in the finest climate in the world the year through. But his responsibilities are great ; for in a measure the interests of two hundred and eighty-five million people are committed to him. He must be a man of great diplomatic ability ; for there are wars of greater or less magnitude a good deal of the time, and conquered states or countries must be reconstructed.

In his winter tours he must meet many of the

kings of the protected states. In their great durbars, or public assemblies, he must listen to their speeches and requests, and reply so as not to give offense nor in any way commit himself if he does not choose to. He is open to the attacks of the native press, and these are often very virulent ; for the freedom of the native press is run wild in India. More or less, he must give public receptions, and these must comport with his standing.

Through the courtesy of General Samuel Merrill, who was United States consul-general in Calcutta during part of the time we were there, Mrs. Griffin and I had an invitation to one of these receptions, it happening when we were in Calcutta on the eve of our return to America. The occasion was the visit of the grand duke of Austria. It was a very imposing affair. Native kings were there, clothed in garments literally covered with gold embroidery and precious stones ; army officers, with bright epaulets ; high church officials, with their flowing robes and cardinal caps ; and hundreds of Calcutta's best society people. The splendor and glitter were quite dazzling to our uninitiated eyes. How very weary Lord and Lady Lansdown were, and how we pitied them ! We went away feeling that, after all, we would rather be simply missionaries to the people, trying by teaching to lift them up, than to be the viceroy of India, who may have the same end in view, but must attain it through such wearisome and conventional methods.

The crown also appoints a secretary of state for India, who has associated with him a council of fifteen members. These may annul the acts of the viceroy, or inaugurate new measures for the benefit of the Indian people. As a rule, harmony prevails between the viceroy and the secretary of state. The latter with his council, remains in London. So much for the mere outline of the machinery of government as far as we have gone. The question of schools and government relation to them will be spoken of later on.

This question is frequently asked me: "Are the people well governed? and are they contented under English rule?" I confess I went to India prejudiced against English rule there. I said, "The English are there because they have the might, rather than the right; and they oppress the people so that they may fatten on the spoils." But I have changed my mind. The people are far better governed than they could govern themselves. If their government were in the hands of native rulers, there would be little security for justice, life, or property. For two thousand years, under native rule, that was about the condition of things; and native character is no better now than it has been in the past,—at least it is not enough better to insure anything like good government. All *innocent natives* to this day much prefer being tried by an English official; for they expect justice so far as an English judge can find out what justice is in the

midst of so much conflicting evidence. It is true that many of the natives are poor, very poor, but they are as prosperous and contented as it is possible for them to be with their ignorance, superstition, habits of life, religion, and the land rent which must be paid to the landholders and to the government.<sup>1</sup>

There has been a start made toward self-government in the organization of district boards. These are analogous to our State legislatures, with, of course, many more limitations. These boards levy the rate of assessment, appropriate money for roads and schools, care for the pounds and ferries, and many other things of a similar nature. But as a body for lawmaking, or as one having authority of the internal affairs of the district, it is little more

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<sup>1</sup> The one criticism upon British administration in India, is the enormous salaries of officials and the method of raising part of this revenue, especially that part raised by the sale of liquor, opium, and gunja. The viceroy of India gets \$100,000 a year; the governors of Madras and Bombay, each, \$50,000; the three lieutenant-governors, \$45,000 each; members of the executive council of the viceroy, \$35,000 each; judges of the high court, from \$25,000 to \$30,000; members of the civil service, as high as \$20,000; military officers, from \$2000 to \$10,000; medical officers, from \$3000 to \$12,000. When we remember that there are various other departments, as forest, schools, salt, river and harbor, railroad, telegraph, public works, marine, ecclesiastical, etc., and that proportionably well-paid officers are in all of them, we see the criticism is a just one. Though English officials do receive enormous salaries in India, the oppression of the land tenants is not so great where British rule prevails as where native rule prevails.

than a farce, as I can bear witness after having been a member of one for seven years. It is a very good thing, perhaps, in the way of an educator, and at times as the source of information to the magistrate, who is also chairman of the board ; but it has no independent voice if the chairman does not agree. His wish is the law.

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## CHAPTER III.

### ROADS, HIGHWAYS, AND WATERWAYS.

INDIA is a country of extremes, and the statements made by different people are so very different, that we often think somebody is stretching the truth. It is safe to say that India has the worst and the best roads in the world. As an illustration let me give a bit of personal experience : At one time I wanted to visit a bungalow, or rest-house, which was in quite a remote part of the district. Near this bungalow, as is very often the case, was a police outpost and thannah. The name of the place was Bhograi. I had never been there, so I knew nothing of the road, but was told by several natives about there that it was only six miles from where I was camping, and that the road leading to the place was good.

Traveling in the heat of the day is not safe at any season of the year, on account of the heat, so I waited until about 3 : P. M., before starting. I took with me a *bhangy wallah*, which means a man with a bamboo pole across his shoulder, to the ends of which are suspended, by means of ropes, two burdens of equal weight. This man went to carry provisions, water, and some blankets for bedding. I had also a cook with a few, very few, cooking

utensils, and a man to look after the pony. Two of my native preachers were with me. I mounted the pony, and away we started in fine style.

We had not gone more than a mile before we came to a large tidal river, and as there was no way to get the horse across except to swim him, which was unsafe on account of the deep mud on either side, I sent him back with the man who cared for him, and the rest of us got in a dugout, and crossed the river. Before I could land, I had to take off my shoes and stockings, and roll my pantaloons up as far as possible. This was made necessary on account of the deep mud through which we must wade before getting on dry ground. We helped each other, and wallowed through as best we could. I found a place to wash my feet and limbs, and putting on my shoes, we started out briskly for our bungalow, which was now but five miles away.

We had not gone very far over the rice-fields before we came to a tidal *khal*. These are natural canals making back from the rivers and the sea. When the tide is in, they are full, and when out, they are empty. There is always plenty of mud in the bottom. As the tide was now in, we had only to prepare to wade. This time the mud and the water were a foot deeper than we had calculated on, with a corresponding result to our pantaloons. As we found these khals numerous, we gave up putting on and taking off shoes and stockings ; and,

barefoot and with shoes and stockings in hand, we went on, winding now through the narrow street of a village, again through a khal, and then through a rice-field, and did not reach our bungalow until nine o'clock. We found it stripped of every piece of furniture, so, getting a few sheaves of rice-straw from the village, we made our bed upon the hard stone floor, and rested, contemplating the luxury of traveling over "good roads."

To reach most of the Hindu villages of Southern Bengal during the rainy season, one would pass through a similar experience. The produce is taken in and out on the backs of bullocks, the shoulders of men, and the heads of the women ; and one may look in almost any direction, and he will see these coming and going over the little winding dams which separate the small rice-fields from each other. These are the lowest grade of roads, and constitute three fourths of all the roads.

The next higher class of roads are the *kancha* roads of the country. Let us understand the words *kancha* and *pucca* before we go any further ; for they are such significant words that they have become Anglicized. *Kancha* means incomplete, and *pucca*, the opposite. *Kancha* may be applied to a poor road, to unripe fruit, to a man who lacks a little in intelligence, to a poorly constructed house, or to a poor job of work of any kind. So you see what *kancha* means when applied to a road. The

greater portion of the country roads of America would be called kancha in India. These roads may be found every five or six miles apart, leading out from some larger village to a main trunk road, which runs, I think, through every district in the country.

One is liable to many different kinds of experiences in traveling over these roads. In Bengal they are usually narrow turnpikes, and the bridges are quite often made of wood. The floods may wash the turnpike away, or the natives may steal the planks from the bridge. If one starts with an ox-cart or a horse-cart, over one of these roads, he is not quite sure how far he can go. Especially is this true in the rains, or immediately after the rains.

But when we come to the pucca roads, we come to the best that can be made. Take the pilgrim road for an example. It starts, we might say, as far up as Delhi, and runs down through the country to Puri. It is a thousand miles long. The roadway is from one hundred to a hundred and fifty feet wide, and the turnpike is forty feet wide and from two to ten feet high. It has metal put upon it, either *gingta*, a hard nugget of limestone, or laterite, a mixture of iron and stone. These are spread upon the road, then thoroughly saturated, and beaten down by men with iron beaters, and allowed to bake in the hot sun. This is a pucca road, and is almost as hard and smooth as dressed stone.

Pepul-, banian-, and mango-trees are planted along the roadside so as to furnish grateful shelter to the traveler. Many of these were planted years ago by the government, and are now so large that they form, in places, beautiful avenues. All of the public roads are built and maintained by the government. People do not pay their road tax by doing a day's work at home, and then putting in a day on the road, all inside of fifteen hours. One path-master does not throw up an embankment, and another tear it down, but competent engineers have charge, the work is let by contract, and when completed, it is inspected. No one who is acquainted with Indian character and ways of doing things, will say that the money appropriated is all honestly expended, but it is, comparatively speaking, fairly well expended, and the good roads are kept in good order, and other roads are being constantly improved. The bridges on these turnpike roads are either iron or brick, and very substantial.

No description of a road would be complete, especially for Bengal, without reference to the ferries. We must bear in mind that this part of the country is level, and the banks of the rivers are usually low, so the difficulty of making bridges is great. Then again, the very heavy rains fill these more than full, so that sometimes they are many times their usual width. Therefore, ferries are in most places substituted. Do not think of a Brooklyn ferry, or even of a Western river ferry of this

country, with an anchorage up stream, but of a ferry propelled by men with long bamboo poles, whose principal business is not to see how quickly they can get you across the stream, but rather to see how much time they can consume, and how much baksheesh they can get out of you. This of course does not include the toll for the use of the ferry. As one side at least of almost every river has a low, sandy bottom, the ferry is propelled until the bottom strikes the sand ; then planks are put down, and the cart and carriage are run out into the water, and the traveler sits on the hands of the boatmen, who unite their strength to carry him out to dry ground. We do not so much object to putting our arms around the neck of each of these men, but sometimes the ladies would rather be excused. But it must be done, all the same. Then the sand is deep and wide, and the oxen or horses cannot draw the load, and must therefore be assisted. These boatmen are always ready, for a consideration, to help turn wheels. Europeans can get across rather quickly, say in from one to two hours ; but sometimes the poor native cartmen have to sit in the sand from six to eight hours, waiting their turn.

Aside from roads, the government has made canals as highways in many places. Some of these answer the double purpose of a watercourse for boats, and irrigation for the rice-fields ; and some are for irrigation alone. Both classes of canals

irrigate thirty million acres. Any man has the privilege of putting a boat on the canal, but must pay a lock fee according to the capacity of his boat and the distance he goes.

Among the provisions made by the government for its officers, are rest-houses along these roads and canals. These are called bungalows, and are classified as inspection bungalows and dāk-bungalows. At the latter, a cook is kept, and one can always order a meal. At the former, one must furnish his own cook and food. There are very few dāk-bungalows in Bengal. These buildings are situated on as desirable a site as can be found, and are about ten miles distant from each other. They are generally divided into two apartments, each consisting of one room and a bath-room. The furniture for each apartment consists of one bedstead, one table, two or three chairs, and sometimes a stand and a commode, and a large earthen jar for bath-room purposes. In traveling, therefore, a person must take with him, his bedding, food, light, water, and anything else he may need in a journey. At any time of the day or night, he may go to one of these bungalows, call up the watchman, and take possession, providing the building is unoccupied. The right of occupancy depends upon the grade of the officers occupying it. Any European has a right to the building, if unoccupied, by paying one rupee a day. In our field of Bengal and Orissa, free use of the bungalows was granted

the missionaries on account of services rendered during the great Orissa famine. When five or six people wish to stay at one bungalow overnight, where there are only two beds, some amusing and interesting experiences are sometimes had.

The only time I ever was in jail overnight, was on an occasion of this kind. We were going to our annual meeting at Midnapore. There were six of us in company, and we had planned to stop at a certain bungalow. We thought our large wagon would furnish bed-room for two, and the two beds of the bungalow would do for the rest of us. As we came near the bungalow, tired and hungry, the shades of night were gathering. We congratulated ourselves that food, shelter, and rest were not far away; but a little closer view disclosed the fact that the building was full to overflowing of English officials and their wives. We moved on to the bazaar, took our supper under a tree, and found a shelter for ourselves; *i. e.*, we men, in the jail near by, while the ladies slept in the wagon.

#### RAILWAYS.

The first railroad in India was completed in 1853. It ran from Bombay to Tanna, a distance of three miles. During the mutiny of 1857-58 the government saw how badly it was crippled for want of means to transport the soldiers, and firmly resolved that if the country should ever see another

mutiny, it would not be thus unprepared. As soon, therefore, as the mutiny closed, the scheme of Lord Dalhousie, which had previously been before the country, was at once acted upon. This plan was to have a few trunk lines traverse the country, connecting the large cities and the military stations, and then construct shorter roads, as feeders, to connect with these. From that small beginning of 1853, the work has gradually, but for India, rapidly, extended. In 1878 there were eight thousand miles of railroad, and in 1890, sixteen thousand miles.

In later years some roads have been built entirely by the government; but the first roads were built by private companies, and then people could be induced to embark in such an uncertain enterprise, only by the government's guaranteeing them five per cent. on the money invested. But if the government gave such a guaranty, it demanded that upon certain conditions it might take over the road. The roads have been found to be such a paying investment, that the government has taken over a number of them.

The cars, or carriages as they are called there, are divided into compartments by partitions running across the cars. The seats also run cross-wise and are as long as the cars are wide. You enter by a door on the side. The station-houses are so constructed that a platform as long as the

train, is on a level with the floor of the cars. When the train comes to a halt, the guards open the doors, and the passengers get in and out. Those getting in are looking for their "class;" for the train has usually four classes of carriages. First-class is very fine; more commodious than, and fully as elegant as our drawing-room cars. The second-class is only half the price of the first, and is good enough for any person. The intermediate costs half the price of the second, and is very good. Most missionaries ride in these latter compartments. Eight people can sit in one, but so few Europeans travel intermediate, that usually each one can have a whole seat to himself when sleeping time comes, for there are two shelves above, which can be let down for this purpose. If the compartment happens to be full, one does not sleep in very much comfort; but even then, there is more room than in a single seat in an American car.

The next class below is third-class, and the price is but half the intermediate. The great bulk of native travel, is in this class. The seats are simply boards, and the people are usually so crowded that lying down is impossible. There are necessarily compartments for zenana women. Now not far from sixty million passengers ride each year on the railroad. All third-class passengers, whether coolies or Brahmins, are hustled into their places as soon as the cars stop. At first the Brahmin

looked horror-stricken at being put in the same compartment with a low-caste man, but he must go all the same. High and low have found that no harm comes to either by sitting together, so the railroads have not only afforded cheap facilities for travel, but have been a great educator.





TEMPLE OF JUGGERNAUT



MISSION HOUSE AT BALASORE.

## CHAPTER IV.

### ARCHITECTURE.

“WHAT kind of houses do they have in India?” I could not answer that question in a single sentence. In general, the houses may be divided into pucca and kancha. These words are used in the same sense as when applied to roads. Then there are peculiar styles of buildings, according to the use which is to be made of them. The mosques and tombs of the Mohammedans are not at all like the temples of the Hindus. Minarets, domes, and arches characterize the former, while sharper pinnacles and the entire absence of domes characterize the latter. In large cities there are blocks not very different in appearance from buildings in England and America. There are some very beautiful buildings in all of these three styles.

The greater number of the Hindu temples are built of brick, and plastered with lime and sand mortar outside and in, on the walls. Generally, in addition to the plaster, there are figures in stucco-work both inside and outside, representing different things in their mythology and sacred books. According to our tastes and education, these figures often represent lewd subjects.

The better class of native gentlemen’s houses are built of the same material as the temples. Very

little wood is used in the construction of any of these buildings, and in temples often none at all is used. Where doors are required, scantling four inches square are taken to make the frames for the same. These are tarred, to keep the white ants from eating them up, and so put together that the ends at the top and bottom, set into the solid brick wall a foot or more. All partitions are made of brick from the foundation, the same as the outer walls, and built up with them. The floor is made by first putting in dirt enough to raise it up a foot or more above the level of the ground. After this is beaten down as hard as possible, a layer of brick is put down, and upon the brick is laid a thick coating of material made of equal parts of broken brick, gravel, lime, and coarse sand. This is wet and beaten day after day until it becomes very hard. Lime is then wet, ground between two stones until it becomes like putty, and then plastered on the floor, and troweled, and wet, and beaten until it is almost as hard and smooth as marble. This is the way the floors of nearly all the houses of the missionaries, native gentlemen, and English residents, are made. Some very fine residences and buildings have floors of porcelain, English tile, or marble.

If the house has two stories, the upper floor is made by putting heavy timbers or iron beams from wall to wall about three or four feet apart. From beam to beam light timbers or irons are put a foot apart, and on these a square native tile is laid

double thickness, and so laid as to break joints. Then the same broken brick, lime, and sand are used, and put down in the same manner. The roof is put on in the same way. This explains why we can go upon the housetop to sit, and even to sleep at times. It often happens that white ants make their way up through these brick walls and devour the wooden beams which support the chamber on the roof. After a time the beams are eaten to a shell (for one can never see the white ants at work), and then comes the interesting work of "changing a beam." The natives are slow and awkward, so lime, brick, dust, and litter are about for many days. Also much ordering and loud talking are heard, for every man wants to boss the job. It often happens that the walls of a house are made of brick, while the roof is made of thatch.

The most beautiful and costly buildings belong to the Mohammedan style of architecture. These abound in Northern India, and are either mosques, palaces, or tombs. The palaces of Delhi and Agra, are exquisite works of art; the tomb of Akbar, at Secundra, near Agra, is magnificent; the tomb of Edmud-ud-dowlah is a perfect gem; but the Taj Mahal eclipses them all. It was built by the emperor Shah Jehan, in honor of his favorite wife Mumtazi Mahal, in 1620. The gateway is a magnificent structure of red sandstone, but serves only as a fit entrance to the tomb itself. From the gateway to the Taj, is a marble walk, with a hundred

fountains on one side, and tall cypress and many other kinds of beautiful trees on the other. The tomb stands upon a double platform. The first is twenty feet high and a thousand feet long, and is made of red sandstone. At each end of this lower platform is a mosque made of the same material. The second platform is built in the center of the first, is three hundred and thirteen feet square and eighteen feet high, and is built of pure white marble. On the four corners of this platform are marble minarets one hundred and thirty-three feet high, with winding stairways in the center from bottom to top. On the top is a balcony, and the outlook from this is perfectly enchanting. In the center of this platform rises the Taj, one hundred and eighty-six feet square, with the corners, to the extent of thirty-three feet, cut off, forming an irregular octagon. In the center is the great dome fifty feet in diameter and eighty feet high. Exactly under the center of this dome are the marble sarcophagi of the emperor and his wife. The light is admitted through trellis-work, wrought exquisitely in slabs of white marble, producing the most soft and chastened effect. In many places precious stones are inlaid in many kinds of designs.

The echo is not the least wonderful thing about this structure. If one stands by the marble coffins and sings, he will be surprised at the melody which comes back to him from his own voice. As it begins to ascend, it sounds like the very lowest





TAJ MAHAL AT AGRA.



BUILDING A MUD HOUSE.

notes of a great pipe-organ, but as it ascends, it becomes more distinct and musical. The higher it rises, reverberating from side to side, the more soft and sweet it becomes, till at last as it dies away in the top of the dome, one might fancy the angels were whispering his song back to him. I have thought how very like to this are the sorrows of life,—harsh and discordant at first, but as they ascend heavenward they are robbed of their harshness, and at last they come back to us glorified.

We went into the crypt of the Pantheon at Paris to see the resting-place of Victor Hugo, Voltaire, and Rousseau ; and the guide, for a consideration, wanted us to hear the echo of this place, but it bears no comparison to the echo of the Taj. Some one has said that the Taj is “a poem in marble.”

But let us pass from poetry to prose, from this fairy place to the common houses of the people. There is only one Taj, and one Imimbarrah, and a few palaces, but there are millions of houses of the common people, and nineteen out of every twenty of the people live in these common houses.

Let us proceed to build one. We first count our money to see what kind of house it is to be. If we have \$5, we plan accordingly; and if we have \$25, we can do much better. Suppose it be the latter sum. We call men whose business it is to build mud walls, and tell them how large a house we want, and how many “hands” there will be in

the walls. After a good deal of bickering, they agree to take the customary price of eight cents a hand for laying up the walls. That is, the walls are to be seven and one-half feet high, and for each foot and a half in length of this wall, they are to have eight cents. We furnish them with two or three large, heavy hoes, a half dozen water-pots, and a long string of twisted grass or jute, and they are ready to build the house. First a string is put around where the outside of the walls are to be. This is secured at the four corners by pins driven into the ground. Inside of this string is another, the distance from the outside string which the thickness of the wall is to be. The ground between these two strings is dug up, wet, and worked by the feet and big hoes, until it becomes a mortar. It then bakes in the sun until it is hard. A little way outside the walls a hole is dug, from which mud is taken to build the walls. First a layer a foot high is put on, and allowed to stand a week or so, that it may be hard and dry. Then another one is put on, and so on, layer after layer until the wall is the desired height. Bamboo poles are put on for rafters, and these extend about three feet over the walls. Across these rafters split bamboos are tied about two inches apart. Upon this the rice-straw is laid smoothly, and fastened to its place by another strip of split bamboo. The fastening is done by putting a long bamboo needle, which has a string attached to it, down through the straw,

around a rafter, and up over the split bamboo, tying the string securely. If the outside walls were 20 x 40 feet, it does not argue that the roof will, cover all that space. Two cross walls are made, leaving an open court in the center. There is but one outside door, with a few small holes for windows. Around the outside of the house is a mud veranda, covered by the projecting roof. This veranda is the reception-room for men who may call, and especially for strangers. There are a few wooden bars put in the windows, and a small door to keep out the cold air in winter, and to keep in the smoke. The cooking is frequently done in one corner of the room, allowing the smoke to get out the best way it can.

In Northern India, as also in Southern India, we see very little straw thatching. There tile is used. In fact, most of the native shops in Calcutta are covered with tile. Many of the aborigines live in huts covered with grass or the leaves of a scrubby palm. The roof and walls are one and the same, and the people enter these houses by crawling into them. We see, therefore, that there are all kinds of buildings in India, from the hut just described to the Taj Mahal, which took twenty thousand men twenty years to build.

## CHAPTER V.

### PRODUCTIONS, NATURAL AND OTHERWISE.

BENGAL is, strictly speaking, a rice country, and Northern India, a wheat country. These two grains are the foundation of the dishes of the people. A number of varieties of the pulse family grow on higher and more sandy land. Some of the grains of these are as large as our common pea; others are much smaller. These several varieties have different names, but in general are called *dal*. A good deal of millet and inferior grains of that kind are raised north. Flax is raised and oats and corn on the lower ranges of the Himalayas.

There is quite a variety of roots. The sweet potato does well on the plains, and the Irish potato in the mountains and on the west coast. There is a large kind of radish, which may be eaten either raw or cooked, and which is produced in large quantities. Artichokes, yams, and the roots of the Caladium are also articles of food.

Many kinds of vegetables grow well. There is a large variety belonging to the gourd family, as squash, pumpkins, cucumbers, watermelons and muskmelons, citron, and other varieties not produced in America. Almost all kinds of European

vegetables may be raised in Bengal and farther north in the winter season. The egg-plant is extensively cultivated in many parts of Bengal in the winter. There are many other kinds of native vegetables that we in America are wholly unacquainted with. All European vegetables are very tasteless in India compared with the same thing in America.

A great variety of fruit is raised, but as a rule a great variety is not grown in any one place. Bananas are the most common. Pineapples, custard-apples, mangoes, jack-fruit, bael, papayas, and guavas are, aside from bananas, the principal fruits of Bengal. Assam produces oranges and lemons; and a large, sweet orange is grown, as are also sweet limes, farther north. The Afghans bring down fresh grapes, apples, raisins, and nuts. Coco-nuts grow more or less in many parts of the country.

Sugar-cane plantations abound. The natives manufacture a coarse brown sugar from which they make their native sweets, and from which also great quantities of refined sugar are produced in Calcutta and elsewhere.

Jute and opium are among the exports, also oils of different kinds, as coconut-, mustard-, and castor-oil. Sheep, goats, cows, and buffaloes are among the most useful and common of animals. From the milk of the cow and the buffalo the natives make a butter which, when melted and

clarified, is called *ghee*. This is most important, as it enters into almost every well-cooked meal, either of the European or the native.

In Calcutta and other large cities which have railroad communication with other parts, almost every kind of these fruits and vegetables may be found, but in the more secluded and remote places, the question of getting a variety to eat, at times becomes a troublesome one. At Balasore we could get mangoes in May and June, custard-apples in July and August, jack-fruit at the same time, and also pineapples, while bananas grew the year round; but the supply was liable to be short, and if so, we must go without.

“What do the people eat?” This is a most common question. We could answer it in a general way by saying they ate about what the country produced. There are some things a good Hindu will not eat. He never takes life of any kind, and therefore will not eat flesh of any kind, except, in some places, fish. Then a third of the people do not get enough of the plainest kind of food to satisfy their hunger. These must eat the cheapest things they can get. In the mango season this fruit is eagerly eaten from the time it is as large as a plum, up to the time it ripens. When ripe, it is as large as a large apple. It is not because the country does not produce enough for the people to eat, that many do not have enough, but because they are too poor to buy it. There are millions of

bushels of rice and wheat shipped from India every year.

Leaving out the very poor, who do not have regular daily meals of cooked food, let us see what those eat who do. In Bengal boiled rice and boiled split peas, called *dal*, is the principal thing. The rice is boiled, and the water turned off into a separate dish. The rice is then put back again on the fire for a few minutes, when it comes off dry and fluffy. In the *dal*, some mustard-oil or ghee, and salt, pepper, and other spices are put. The natives take their rice, and put it either upon a brass plate or a banana leaf, make a hole in the center into which they turn the *dal*, and then proceed to mix the whole together with their fingers. Their table is a grass mat spread upon the floor, over which may or may not be spread a cloth, and their chairs are their legs crossed under them. The male portion of the family eat first, while the other portion waits upon them. The women have their meals afterward, if there is enough for all. In place of the *dal* they frequently make a curry with either vegetables or fish for a foundation, having otherwise about the same seasoning as the *dal*. Onions and huldee (a pungent root) enter into almost all of their well-cooked dishes. They make a pudding from rice, milk, and sugar, seasoning it with camphor. This is eaten only on rare occasions. The wealthy are very fond of sweets, and eat a great many. They have a very great variety of

these. If a person calls on a native gentleman, and he wishes to be very cordial, he sends out a servant to the bazaar to bring in a tray of mixed native sweets. Many Europeans do not care for these, but I was very fond of them. The water turned from the rice of the last night's dinner, constitutes the breakfast of most of the laboring people in the rice districts. In Upper India wheat is ground whole, and baked into cakes; this takes the place of rice in Bengal.

“What do you missionaries eat?”—Rice, dal, and curry, are much more largely eaten in India than in America; but aside from these, if one lives in a city like Calcutta, he can get many of the same things he can get at home; *i. e.*, if he has the money, for what is not produced in the country is imported from England, Australia, and the United States. But back in remote stations it is a very different thing. As I said, you are for fruits largely dependant upon local supply, which may fail. No beef can be had, and but little mutton and fish. Chicken, poor and tough, is the only thing one can be sure of in the meat line, and even then he must look sharp or the supply may run out. Generally one can get what eggs he needs, and milk, if he keeps his own cows. We have taught native Christians how to milk to suit us, and could buy milk of them. We never think of eating the milk from an ordinary Hindu village. They have a way of cleaning dishes and flavoring

milk, which we have not been educated into liking. One can get about what bread he needs, but it is not very good; also in the winter, vegetables from the garden; and in the rains, native vegetables. As a rule the eating habits of the natives are simple, and so are those of the missionaries. I would hardly recommend any person, however, to go to India for the sake of what he might get to eat, and especially to the country districts.

## CHAPTER VI.

### CLIMATE.

You may have in India almost any kind of climate your means and taste may suggest. In the north you may go up the Himalaya Mountains until you come to the fields of perpetual ice and snow. These are not the ordinary snow-capped mountains, but those grand ranges whose cold summits seem to pierce the very sky. It is not necessary to go to the top of these ranges to find eternal winter. The top, in fact, was never reached by man or beast. Even the birds in their loftiest flights never scaled the heights of such mountains as Everest, 29,000 feet high, or Kinchinjinga, 28,000 feet high. Ten thousand feet below the top of these you could build your snow house, and live as the Eskimo does, if some great glazier did not carry your house away. If you did not like this, you could go to the south of India, where you would have summer the year around. So warm is it here that the chilly wind is scarcely felt, and the blighting frost is never known.

On the plains between the mountains of the north and the perpetual summer of the south, there is almost every degree of climate. In the Punjab, summer is hot, but shorter, and the winter

quite cold. In the Northwestern Provinces, the heat of summer is more intense than it is even farther south, on account of the hot winds blowing off the sands of Central India and Rajputana. It is not an uncommon thing for the thermometer to register  $120^{\circ}$  on the veranda. The rains here close earlier, and refreshing, cool nights are experienced by October 1. Ice, one fourth of an inch thick, is formed in some of the coldest nights, and this cooler season lasts longer than in Bengal. On the plains of Bengal and Orissa we never have frosts or snow. The hot season here begins with the change of the wind from the northwest to the southeast. When the latter wind is really established, the hot season is upon us. This is usually about March 1. The longer the wind blows, the hotter the season becomes, so that April, May, and the most of June give us our hottest months. The thermometer will range from  $90^{\circ}$  to  $100^{\circ}$  in the house most of the time during these months. We are liable to have a few thunder-storms in May, which are most refreshing after the hot, dry winds of March and April.

About June 15 or 20, we look for a break in the season. Dark clouds in the northwest, loud claps of thunder, and some hard winds tell us the rains are approaching. These are more or less constant until November. At the beginning they are refreshing. The air is cooler and the grass springs up green and fresh. In July the rains are more

constant, and the sun comes out between showers, often very hot and sultry, and one begins to feel the depressing influence of the humid, hot atmosphere. In August the fields are full of water, and rivers have overflowed their banks; tanks and ditches are full, and the ground is so full that it sometimes seems as if the very earth were turning into a bed of mortar; the atmosphere is full of moisture, and still it rains. As September comes, there is no cessation, but rather an increase. The rank vines growing up the trees and beside garden walls, and sometimes running up the sides of your houses and over the gate-posts, droop their leaves to shake themselves from their shower-bath; the trees are in mourning; and the very grass has lost heart, and no longer tries to stand erect. Shoes, harness, trunks, books, and everything that can gather moisture, is covered with mold. And still it rains. White ants with wings, fly at night into your house, and gnats of all kinds so fill the air in the vicinity of the lamp that at times you can hardly keep them out of your mouth or eyes as you try to read aloud. These large white ants with wings sometimes want to share the gravy and the roast for dinner; and when you find a few of them in the dish, you lean back and wish audibly that the rains were over.

October comes, and showers are less frequent. You somehow feel a difference in the atmosphere. It is about as hot, and there is nearly as much

mud, but still you feel that autumn is coming. Some morning you wake up early and find a north-west wind blowing in your room, and you exclaim with joy, "The winter is coming!" In an hour it is back again in the south, but you know the cold season is approaching. There is sometimes a war in the elements, and this is also the season for cyclones. At last, however, the wind is in the northwest to stay, and as it blows down off the snow- and ice-fields of the Himalayas, you begin to feel new life coming back to you. The sky is so blue, and the atmosphere so clear, and the rice-fields so golden, and the cattle so sleek and fat, that all feel like rejoicing over the changed condition, and the prospect before us. But alas! this is also the season of fevers, and so severe and persistent are these, that of all the deaths in India, though we hear much of cholera and smallpox, ninety per cent. are from this cause. The missionary now begins to plan for his country tours, and the farmer to gather in his harvest. Of these I will speak in another chapter.

## CHAPTER VII.

### SCENERY AND SIGHTS.

THE great diversity in climate suggests a diversity in scenery, and so there is. Suppose we begin at the mouth of the Hugli River, which is one of the principal mouths of the Ganges, and go up this river as far as Calcutta, just as we did when we went to India, then take a trip into the country by road, and we get an idea of Bengal. We are on shipboard, and are seeing India for the first time. Our good ship drops her anchor near the pilot brig, at the mouth of the river, and the pilot steps on board to take charge of her up the dangerous and treacherous channel. We are so full of expectancy that we do not sleep much, and early in the morning are on deck. Soon all is commotion. The tide will soon be rising, and we must run up with the full tide. The order is given to raise the anchor, and the little steam winches begin such a rattling that little else can be heard.

But the bay! Are our spirits so joyful because our long voyage of fourteen thousand miles is so nearly over, or is the water the most beautiful we have ever looked at? The bay is as placid as a sea of glass, and the great red sun comes up and turns this sea of glass into a sea of melted gold.





A BENGAL HINDU VILLAGE.



A GROUP OF ORIYA CHRISTIAN BIBLE WOMEN.

To the right and left at a great distance, the dark blue coast-line can be seen. We start with the rising tide. The shores on either side begin to converge, and soon we are in the channel of the river, and flying up at the rate of eighteen miles an hour. Objects on both banks can be distinctly seen. I said to my wife, who had been in India before, "Wife, what a lot of hay the people in this country must use." She said, "What makes you think so?" I replied, "Why, look at the haystacks." "Those are not haystacks; those are houses!" Here and there all along either side of the river might be seen clusters of these houses, some of them simply farmers' houses, and some of them villages in which were shops and stores. The thatch which made the roofs of these houses, was the "haystacks" which I saw. On the banks also could be seen palm-trees, sometimes a single lonely tree, and sometimes clusters of palms,—palms of various kinds, as date, palmyra, and coconut. Here was a grove of mango-trees, and there an orchard of bananas, and yonder clusters of beautiful, feathery bamboos.

And such a scene on the river! Great ocean steamers from almost every country in the world, large ships being towed up and down by giant tug-boats, and native crafts of all kinds. Sometimes we would pass two native boats fastened together, loaded with straw, and so loaded that nothing of the boat was visible except the scaffolding at the hinder

end, upon which the man stood who held the long oar used for a rudder ; and sometimes boats loaded almost to the water's edge with native pottery, brick, fruits, etc. Sometimes they were propelled by all but naked oarsmen walking back and forth upon the prow, as they pulled the huge oars, and sometimes by sails,—square, oblong, or three-cornered ; black, white, or yellow ; whole, patched, or in tatters. As we approached Calcutta, the river was fairly alive with steamboats of smaller burden. Some of these were bound up the river for Assam, and others up the various rivers forming the delta of the Ganges, while still others were coasting steamers.

At length our steamer fastens to the buoy, and we are immediately surrounded by a score or more of small native boats—dingeys and green boats. The boatmen swarm upon the deck, notwithstanding kicks and cuffs from the officers of the steamer, and in an unknown tongue begin to talk to us. They want to take us ashore, and in due time we are landed on the bank. Literally hundreds of coolies are waiting here, and each wants a hand in taking our things. We become almost distracted in the Babel of noise. Here, too, stands the *tikka garrie* (carriage for hire), and each driver clamors for our luggage, and unless we look sharp, will get a portion of it.

And now we are in Calcutta, the capital of British India, and in many respects one of the

most wonderful of cities. It, with Howrah on the opposite side of the river, contains a population of nearly a million people. This city is not easily described, but must be seen to be appreciated. There are street-cars and ox-carts, beautiful carriages containing ladies and gentlemen of the highest social position, and all but naked coolies, side by side. Here is a palace, in which are all the luxuries and beauties which wealth and a refined taste suggest ; and within fifty feet the watchmen at the gate, cooking, eating, and sleeping in a room eight feet square. Here are most magnificent European stores, and but a few feet away, a native sitting in a little room dealing out his wares. Here are the Eden gardens with electric lights, fountains, and exquisite music furnished by the viceroy's band ; and not far distant the vender of native sweets in his shanty, sitting over his pot of boiling oil, making his candies. Here is a French theater, and almost across the street, is Chandnee bazaar, with its hundreds of tile-roofed one-story shops, and labyrinth of streets not more than four feet wide. From narrow Bentick street, with its numerous Chinese shops and the rattle and din of native life, you come out on the great beautiful Maidan. This latter is an open park consisting of many hundreds of acres of land, lying between Chowringee street and the river. It was once covered with native villages, but these were bought by the government and torn down.

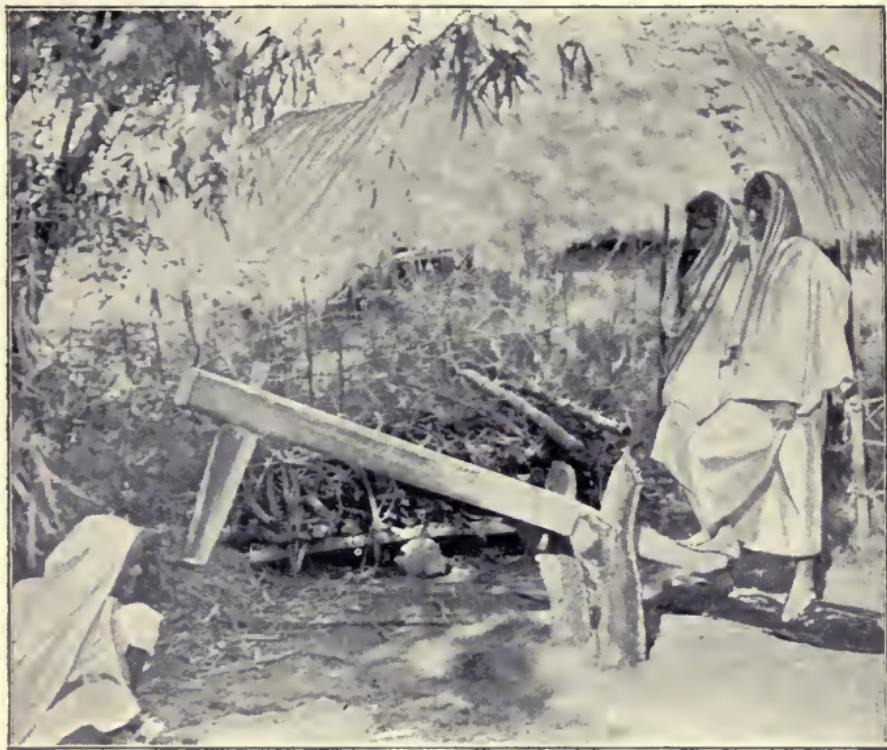
The Maidan is worth going a long way to see. It is a dead level piece of ground, with here and there a cluster of trees, and many beautiful roads, but is mainly a grass-plot. On almost any evening of the year, except when it is raining, you may see every kind of a turnout imaginable. Some cart-men are returning from their work with their little bullocks and carts. Then perhaps a Chinese comes arrayed in red and green silk, his long queue hanging down behind, sitting in his beautiful barouche, while two elegant horses, with gold- or silver-mounted harness, are driven by his coachman. Here comes an Englishman in his high-wheeled dog-cart, driving at a breakneck pace; and there another, on a bicycle. Here come four Bengali gentlemen with spotless white clothes on, heads bare, chains of heavy gold, studded with precious stones, holding their watches in a conspicuous place,—carriage, horses, and harness to rival the viceroy's, footmen behind and a coachman in front. There goes a poor Eurasian family, six of them in a tikka garrie. Look at the horses; they are small and poor, and the harness is tied together with strings. The driver from his lofty seat is leaning forward, making frantic motions with his whip, as if the whip would compensate the horses for the lack of grain. But the scamp does not intend to drive fast; he only wants you to think he is driving the horses at their utmost speed. Look over there, and you see two Parsees, erect and proud, having

on their peculiar stovepipe hats, and just behind them are two Burmese, with red silk handkerchiefs tied tight across their foreheads. Here are some zenana missionaries ~~in their phaeton~~, and yonder two *padries* (preachers), while just beyond are two coolies, with large baskets on their heads, hoping a stray job may turn up. Scattered all through this crowd of people are the watermen, with their leather bags of water on their hips, sprinkling the streets and trying to keep the dust down.

We will leave Calcutta and take a trip of two hundred miles out into the interior. We go on the broad turnpike road before described. We look off to the right and left, and see a level plain, with here and there what appears to be a grove. If we look at this plain a little more closely, we find it to be cut up into an infinite number of rice-fields, separated from each other by little dams a foot high and a foot wide. The fields are in size from two to twenty rods square. If we pass along this road in the month of May, after a few showers have softened the surface, we shall see the plowmen at work with their primitive plows, following each other around the little field. Sometimes these plowmen are very happy, and their songs, as one after another takes up the refrain, and their voices rise higher and higher, are very pleasing. If you go along this road a little later, you find the farmers sowing their rice; and, later still, when the rains are well on and the rice well up, you will see them

either transplanting by hand or plowing up by the roots that which is growing. The latter drops to the bottom of the water, takes new root, and the stock of rice is more vigorous than it would otherwise be. Still later you see the field dotted with men pulling up the tares. These men have on a covering for their backs and heads made of the leaf of the palm, which forms a protection from the rains. Stooping as they must to weed up the grass, nothing but their legs and this covering are visible. This makes them look like huge pelicans scattered over the field. Pass along this road in December, and you see men and women with sickles cutting the ripened grain, and bullocks bearing it away on their backs to the house. If you go to what appeared from the road to be a grove, you will find it to be a village — simply a cluster of farmhouses. Let us now enter the village along with the farmer who at evening is bringing in his sheaves. We find that he has around his house and yard a hedge made of the most thorny material he can find. Through the opening which is used as a gateway, his bullocks go, and their loads are dumped promiscuously around the door-yard. In this yard the rice is stacked, and here it is also trodden out by the bullocks after the harvest is all in. On the verandas of the houses a machine is constructed called a *dhinkie*, by treading on which the women hull the rice. It works on the principle of a mortar and a pestle. When





WOMEN HULLING RICE.



BULLOCKS TAKING RICE TO MARKET.

they press down with their feet, the pestle is raised, and when they slip off their feet, it drops into the mortar. Long before daylight, through the winter season, the sound of these dhinkies may be heard in every village.

Now that we are in the village, let us look around. We find there is one street, perhaps ten feet wide, running through it. For centuries, people and bullocks have trodden this same narrow street, and the rains have washed it, and the hot winds of summer have sent its fine dust in clouds into the air. No wonder, therefore, that sometimes it is three or four feet lower than the houses and yards on either side. In the rains this street is often knee-deep with water and mud, with no chance to get away except by evaporation. In the yard of this farmer, there may be a mango-tree, and in the adjoining yard a tentuli, and in the third a cluster of bamboos. It is these trees which deceived you at a distance, and made you think you were seeing a grove. If you come to the village in the morning, you may see a woman coming out of the house, bearing in her hands two earthen water-jars. She has a dirty white cotton cloth around her body and over her head. At the sight of you she turns her head and pulls her cloth over her face, so as almost to hide it, and hesitates, and wonders whether she would better go back into the house or proceed on her errand. You walk on with no intention of molesting her, and she proceeds to the village tank.

Do not suppose that this tank is some nice piece of stone-work, and that a cool stream of living water is constantly pouring into it. It is simply a great hole dug in the ground by some rich gentleman, perhaps five hundred years ago. It is replenished from year to year by the heavy rains of summer. Every village must have its tank, for there are few wells in this part of India ; and water, and much of it, is a necessity.

Let us follow the woman, but at such a distance as not to attract her attention. She has with her, two, and possibly three, earthen water-jars. They are shaped at the bottom like the larger end of an egg, and at the top have a mouth three inches in diameter. She goes to the water's edge, puts down her jars, and sits down herself on her heels. She then takes a green stick which she has brought with her, six inches long and half an inch thick, with one end of which she begins to scrub her teeth. The Hindus are said to be very clean, and cleaning the mouth is among the necessary things before eating. But she has reason to clean her teeth, for she has been chewing a dirty substance called *pan*, a mixture of tobacco, betel-nut, spices, and lime, and her teeth are black, and her lips red. She therefore scours her teeth thoroughly, and then proceeds to rinse her mouth. When her teeth are cleaned, she goes out a little way into the tank, and takes her bath ; for this is also a prerequisite to eating. This finished, she gets her water-jars,

wades out a little farther into the tank, brushes away the dirt with her hand or the bottom of her jars, fills them with water, and takes them to the house to cook her breakfast. The men come in later from the field, their mouths as filthy, and their bodies more dusty, and go through the same process of purification. They are then prepared to eat the breakfast which the tidy housewife has prepared for them. In some villages there are separate tanks in which to bathe, but I should say this was the exception rather than the rule.

All the plains are not rice-fields. Some of them are barren and sandy, and produce little more than thorny bushes, stunted grass, and huge hills of white ants, with here and there a solitary tree. Other places are quite heavily wooded, sometimes with a thick undergrowth of vines and brambles, and sometimes not. Along the coast are other kinds of jungles. In these grow tall grass and reeds, and a kind of stunted palm, and the whole is covered at times with water from the river or tides from the sea. Here is a hiding place for tigers, leopards, and hyenas.

Large rivers are abundant, and we cross them either in a ferry- or a row-boat, in going down the great turnpike road over which we are traveling.

Within three hundred and sixty-five miles of Calcutta, is Darjiling. Between the plains of Bengal and the mountains of Darjiling, the contrast is as great as can be imagined, as to both climate and

scenery. These two places may illustrate the difference between the plains and the mountains in other parts of India. Silaguri is three hundred and fifteen miles north of Calcutta, and is the railroad station at the foot of the Himalaya Mountains. Here we take a very narrow-gage road, and climb the hills for a distance of forty-eight miles, the first forty-four of which have a grade of two hundred feet to the mile. For a few miles out of Silaguri the ascent is gradual, and the rank vegetation reminds you that you are in a hot, damp atmosphere, and on very rich soil. The trees have leaves almost as large as your hat, and rank vines climb up around them to their very top, and then reach out their long arms from every branch as if seeking something else to cling to. Sometimes they find it, and the trees are woven together by these huge vines. As we ascend we see broad valleys filled with wild bananas, bamboos, and palm-trees of a most luxuriant growth. Farther up, we find mountain oaks and fern-trees ; and still higher, oats, corn, and potatoes are cultivated. On the broad slopes of many of these mountains there are tea plantations. We are greeted with the face of the old familiar yellow dock, and for once it seems like a friend. Also patches of white clover smile upon us here and there. This also is the very paradise for roses. Our flannels, which we put on at the foot of the hills, no longer feel too thick ; but on the other

hand, we begin to put on additional wraps, and even then can hardly keep warm.

The railroad is a masterpiece of engineering. In some places it goes zigzag up the mountainside by running forward and then switching back on a higher grade; in other places it forms a loop at the point of some hill, and comes back over its own track twenty feet above, and then goes on up the same hillside it came but a few moments before. And so it works its way up these rugged mountains. Sometimes, as it goes round a point, you grasp the seat of the little open car, for it seems as if you were going to be pitched to the bottom of the deep, deep gorge at your side. At Ghoompahar you pass the highest range on the railroad, and for the next four miles the descent is gradual to Darjiling. This is the city where the government of Bengal stays in summer, and where the people sometimes come when worn out by the heat of the plains. It is 7500 feet above the level of the sea. The scenery here is grand beyond description. There are broad valleys whose hillsides are dotted here and there with a village, or with primeval forests, tea plantations, or fields of potatoes and corn. There are gorges through which rushes a mountain stream, and high precipices over which leaps a waterfall. Every ravine, and gorge, and hillside produces very beautiful ferns, moss, and lichens. Even trees are often covered with these,

and with orchids. Then the mountains are around you on every side, and range is piled upon range, until the climax is reached in Kinchinjinga, which sends its peaks up 28,000 feet above the sea-level. On a clear day this stands out before you, glittering in the sun like a mountain of burnished silver, and 10,000 feet of it can be seen lying under its thick mantle of eternal snow,— a fit winding-sheet for a dead mountain.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### SOME OF THE PESTS OF INDIA.

SOME things which we regard as pests and annoyances are really blessings. So it is with some of those things in India which plague us. For the time being, however, we will take the superficial view, and see what things annoy us and how they do so.

The white ant would no doubt be put down at the head of the list. If this were the place, I might write a chapter on these little animals, but I will now speak of them only in the briefest way. The eggs which produce these little creatures are laid two or three feet underground by a great nasty looking white grub, the size of a man's little finger. When the insects are first hatched, they are about an eighth of an inch long, of a creamy white appearance, and resemble a louse in shape. These grow to be one fourth of an inch long, and then make their way through the streets, avenues, and halls of their colony, up to the surface of the ground; and keep on building up until sometimes they have a house eight feet in diameter and ten feet high. They go here and there on foraging expeditions, either under the surface or in sealed arches which they construct on the surface of the ground. They

always devour everything within their reach which can be eaten. Since they *always work in the dark*, and on the inside, we seldom see their mischief until it is too late to remedy it. If they want to eat a straw, or a bit of leaf which is too small for them to eat from the inside, they cover it with their earthy secretion, and then devour it. They can make their way up through brick walls, and eat the door-jambs and wooden beams of the house. I have told you how the floors of the pucca houses are made, and yet these little creatures will often find a way up through the floor, and get into our bookcase, and chests, and trunks, unless we keep a strict watch for them. They will sometimes destroy a pair of shoes in a single night if they happen to come across them in their search for food.

Though they annoy us, they are not an unmitigated evil ; in fact, they are a great blessing. For thousands of years they have brought up from the subsoil their secretion and spread it as a dressing for the soil, on straw, and leaf, and dead grass. When, in the beginning of the rains, they change their form, and come from their nests by millions, it is a happy time for birds and fishes. They are enlarged to four or five times their former size when they swarm, put on wings, and seem happy for a brief hour. Their wings come off, and they drop in field, or road, or ditch, or tank, and birds and fishes feast for once at least.

The crows would come next. They are as nearly omnipresent as anything with earthly limitations can be. The cawing of the crow very early awakens the villager from his sleep, and reminds the missionary or civilian, who may, perchance, be dreaming of home, that he is still in India. It is not an uncommon thing to see one or two crows on the back of cows or bullocks as they graze in the field. There seems to be something in the skin, or lurking in the hair, which furnishes the crow a dainty morsel. When these same animals lie down, we may see the crow picking at their noses and inside of their ears. When the animal protests, the crow hops back, takes a look out of the corner of his eye, and watches his chance to renew the attack.

When we feed our hens or cattle, we must look sharp, or the crow will get more than his share. When the man is setting the table, a crow may perch himself on the top of the open door, and watch the process. He will turn his head to one side and then to the other to see how many things there are that he would be willing to eat. When he sees something which he would like, and which he thinks he could carry, he looks all around to see if the coast is clear ; and when he satisfies himself that such is the case, he swoops down, and with his beak or claw carries his meal up into a tree or some other safe place.

One morning I bought from one of our Christian

women some eggs which she put on my study table. I was writing, and would now and again get up to go into another room or out-of-doors. I finally noticed that the number of eggs seemed less, but there were no broken shells nor any evidence that anybody had been in the study. Finally, a crow making off with one just as I came into the room, convinced me who was the thief. The crows are fond of ripe fruit of all kinds, so that fruit must be picked before it is fully ripe, or be watched very closely. Woe betide you if for any reason you shoot one of these birds. In a very few moments the air will be black with crows, flying here and there in a frantic manner, and cawing so loudly that you expect to see your neighbor come in to see what has happened. But even these are a blessing, for they are one of the scavengers of the country.

Monkeys are a pest with no redeeming quality that I could ever observe. There are many varieties in the country, and each particular place seems to have some different variety ; but they are a nuisance be the kind what it may. The Hindus adore them, so their life is quite safe, as no person cares to kill them, and incur the displeasure of his Hindu neighbor. In our part of India, the large, black-faced, gray, long-tailed monkey, abounded. There is nothing in the fruit or vegetable line that these monkeys will not eat, so we must wage a constant war with them if we would have a garden or an

orchard. They are exceedingly cunning. In the heat of the day when they think everybody is taking a nap, they are after their dinner. They enter the garden stealthily, looking one side and the other as they come. When they come to a row of peas or anything of that kind, they stand on their hind feet, and with both front ones quickly fill their mouths. A few monkeys in half a day would utterly ruin a garden, or strip an orchard of its fruit. They are very saucy at times, and even dangerous.

One day, at the noon hour, while we were resting, one of our little girls came into our room screaming and frightened almost to death. A large monkey had come into the bedroom where she was sleeping, though it was up-stairs, and taken hold of the foot of the bed, and shaken it violently enough to wake her up. When she awoke, there stood that great black-faced fellow, showing all his teeth. Hindu prejudice would not have kept me from shooting him if he had not left the room too quickly for me. They will sometimes dispute our right to pass along a path. In that case discretion is the better part of valor. Once some of our orphan boys at Midnapore were stoning some monkeys which were up in a banian-tree. One old fellow came down, walked up to the foremost boy, seized him by the shoulder with one hand, and with the other boxed his ears. The boy was frightened badly, but the monkey was perfectly serene.

Snakes are reptiles which people are not fond of as a rule. In this country we have an exaggerated idea of the snakes of India. There may be places where they are numerous, but I have not seen them. The cobra is a dangerous snake, so that Europeans generally carry a lantern when they go out after dark; but after all, you will seldom see one. We are cautious because their bite is fatal. I have been around a good deal in Orissa and Bengal, and have not, in ten years, seen more than ten or fifteen cobras running at large.

There are some centipedes and a few scorpions, but with care one need experience no harm from them. Only once in the ten years I have been in India, was I bitten by any of these poisonous reptiles, and that was by a centipede which was in my hat. He had secreted himself within the walls of my sunhat, and I did not know he was there until he informed me.

We never really know why dogs are spoken of in Scripture as being among the vile things which shall never enter the gates of the beautiful city, until we visit the Orient. There is not a redeeming quality about a dog here. You could not by any possibility induce one to drive out a cow or a monkey from the garden. He never did such a thing in his life, and would be astonished at you if you should try to have him do such a thing. The more you tried to have him, the more he would go

in the opposite direction. The dogs here are nearly all of one kind, yellow or black in color, with hair short and straight, nose pointed, forehead very receding, head and tail drooping, lean, surly, and often scabby. They never have a pleasant face or a wag of the tail for anybody. They leisurely walk about the streets and bazaars, and even into our houses, ready to pick up any stray morsel of food.

The natives have a way of raising their hands as if they would strike them, but as they seldom do, the dogs care very little for these false motions. When we try to frighten them away in the same manner, they simply stand and stare at us. When, however, we can convince them by a whack with our cane that we are not making false motions, they can yelp and howl as loudly as any dog. Their bark at night is anything but soothing, and especially if a person is inclined, through fever or nervousness, to be wakeful. One barks, and then another, and another, until you think they are barking for a prize; and the one that can bark the loudest and longest gets it. The bark is not really a bark such as we hear in this country, but more of a howl. They do something of the work of the scavengers, but the jackals could do that better, and save the annoyances the dogs bring. Many of them are owned by no one. The Hindus never kill anything, so of course the dogs are allowed to multiply as much as they like. The government recognizes them as a nuisance, and very wisely puts a

bounty on their heads. Once a year the low caste people (*maters*) in some districts set apart a day for killing dogs. They will take a large bamboo club which they hold by both hands, allowing it to hang down their backs. In this way they walk about the streets and bazaars. The dog sees nothing of the club, as they manage to keep their faces toward him. They wait until his attention is taken up by something to eat or smell, when they suddenly bring the club down with great force on the neck of the unsuspecting animal, and he soon dies.

The Brahmani bull may be classed among the pests. Some one, perhaps on account of some peculiar markings, has in his early days devoted him to the calling of a sacred bull, and so he has wandered about through the streets, belonging to no one in particular, and to every one in general. He usually is found around the temple, and goes in and out at pleasure. He goes into the green rice-fields, or to the shop where grain is kept, and helps himself. He of course is always fat and saucy. If he sees in the garden of some European some choice heads of cabbage, he forms his plans for a feast when the shades of night shall settle down. One of these animals persistently visited our garden in the middle of the night, until finally, upon the advice of the magistrate, we captured him and made him over to the city. His lordship was greatly humbled when he had to come down to drawing cart loads of garbage.

There are some other things which greatly annoy us, but which are not peculiar to India except perhaps that they flourish there to a greater extent. Among these are the little red ant, the mosquito, lice, bedbugs, and fleas. Some of these, more or less, are liable to prey upon us the year round. Every European, the year round, provides himself with a mosquito curtain for his bed. This protects him fully from the mosquito, unless some unfortunate member of the body happens to be against it, but unfortunately affords no protection against the unmentionable insects referred to above.

In some places tigers and leopards are quite abundant. These destroy cattle, and sometimes human life, though as a rule they do not molest people, unless sorely pressed by hunger, but run from them as do all other wild animals. The bear is very fond of sugar-cane, and comes from the jungles to help himself during the season. In a few places wild elephants commit depredations now and again. After all, these things sound a good deal worse than the actual experience with them really is.

## CHAPTER IX.

### SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF THE NATIVES.

DIFFERENT parts of India, no doubt, produce different types of men, but what I shall say will be of the Bengali, as I have observed him.

He is exceedingly polite, and as a rule, does not want to say anything which he thinks you will not want to hear. This leads him many times into telling what we call lies, though he does not define a lie in that way. As an example : Suppose you are going along a strange road, and inquire of a man the distance to a certain place. He naturally thinks you want that distance to be as little as possible, so he tells you it is two miles, when he knows it is six ; or, he may raise his chin in the direction of the place, and say it is just in sight, when it is four miles away. For this same reason he seldom disagrees with you. If he cannot really assent, he will keep quiet. In a public way some of them are fond of discussion, but in their homes they seldom oppose you. This disposition makes you feel that you can seldom depend on what they say. When we were trying to get land to erect a mission house in Contai, I went to see the sub-divisional officer, and told him what we wanted to do. He said that he was delighted that we were

coming, that Contai was a wicked place and needed something of the kind, and he would be pleased to assist in any way that lay in his power. I thanked him very heartily, but was sure all the time he would not help, but hinder. And so the sequel proved ; for we had to get help from the English magistrate, or impediments would have been placed in our way all along, and we would never have gone to Contai. We call this kind of talk lying, but they define a lie as meaning something like this : If I tell you something, and you sustain financial loss through my untrue statement, that is a lie ; but if I tell you the distance is two miles when it is four, that is no lie, for you would have to travel over the distance whether it was two or four miles. Their saying it was two miles did not cause me any additional travel. This disposition to please is prominent when self-interest is not involved. Always put this down as an exception to every rule. According to our ideas, the native is a very untruthful man. Dr. Pentecost made this statement, though in little stronger terms, and was taken to task by the native press for it. I think Dr. Pentecost was not far wrong. If I had had no experience myself, the attitude of the people toward each other would convince me of this. They seldom trust each other's word. In matters of business they have so little confidence in each other that a bargain is considered of no value until money has exchanged hands. A man may agree to do a thing, but if you

have given him no money, he considers himself under no obligation to do it. They say of us sometimes, "You are very green," because we trust their word, and that we ought to know that all men are liars. I do not say that they are all vicious liars, but the tendency is so much to conceal, and there is so much want of frankness, that it is unsafe to depend upon their word. Out of this has grown their way of answering a question. We seldom hear them answer a question direct. Almost always it is answered by asking another. You say to a man, "Will you buy this cow?" "Where would I get money to buy a cow?" he would answer. Or you say, "You did not come to work yesterday?" He would reply, "How could a man work who had a fever?" This sounds impertinent, and is very trying at first, but you find this is their way of answering questions. The manner in which they can ask and answer questions without fully committing themselves, is simply marvelous to the people of the blunt, plain, practical nature of the Anglo-Saxon.

In matters of deal they are without a conscience. The limit they will ask for a thing is the amount they think they can get for it, regardless of its market value. This is nearly a universal rule. We think a man a Jew here if he add twenty-five per cent. to his real taking price; but it is not an uncommon thing for them to ask three hundred per cent. more than they expect to take. This is especially true

if they think you do not know the real price, or if you are so situated that they know you must buy. The general rule is that they ask you just double what they in the end expect to take. They are very shrewd in bargains, and resort to many tricks to make a few cents. They can adulterate equal to the Yankee in some things. Water goes in milk, small gravel in rice, and sand in sugar. They can fill their native fabrics with starch, and put putty in defective furniture. They have studied the art for centuries, and according to the number of their products, will not be outdone by any other nation. If they are very untruthful, they also have a faculty of getting out, when caught in a lie, as easily as can be. In fact, it is almost impossible to prove a falsehood in any of them. You may think you have a chain of evidence that will surely convict the man of a wilful, deliberate lie, but you find your chain a rope of sand, and *you* are left in the dilemma rather than the man that has lied, even though your own eyes form part of the evidence.

They have very little inventive genius, and hence are no organizers. They are imitators, and can make almost everything, if you give them a pattern. We find them in machine-shops making engines, and in various avocations where one would think genius was required; but they work from patterns. They have had armies large enough to have annihilated the English, but could not plan a battle.

They can run steamboats and railroad trains, but they can go only so far as they have learned. If the unexpected arises, they are in a dilemma. If a cartman break the axle of his cart when he does not happen to have another with him, he will squat down and put a sheet over his head, if it be winter, and there he will sit for hours waiting for something to turn up. He really does not know what to do, and it takes several hours for the idea to get through his head, that he must go to some village and hunt up another axle.

Revenge is a disposition abnormally cultivated, and it lurks in the bosom where you least suspect it. A family feud is handed down fourteen generations. For the sake of getting revenge for a trifling injury, they will jeopardize a person's life. Sometimes they will set fire to one's house, and the roof being of straw, it may happen that the inmates cannot escape, but are consumed in the burning building ; and if they escape, their all is gone in the loss of their house. The most serious charges are brought in court for the sake of being revenged over some real or fancied injury.

The Hindus are proverbial for going to law. Two things actuate them ; one is the desire for revenge, and the other, the love of distinction. Just opposite our house in Balasore were two court-houses, in which there were at least five places where cases might be tried. These courts were filled the year round. Not that all the courts were

in session all the time, but some of them were, and often three or four of them. Aside from these, the judge came occasionally to hold criminal courts of a higher grade in the circuit house. From morning until night, week in and week out, the cry of the crier could be heard as he called out the name of parties in the case, or the name of some witness. A man hardly thinks he belongs to a respectable family unless he can boast of at least one long-drawn-out lawsuit. I shall remember a long time a conversation I had with one of our new converts. He had been a poor man and common laborer, but had married a woman who also had employment. The two received a good salary, so that he could lay by a dollar a month. He had been working for me, but did not come for some days. Finally, when he came, I asked him, why he had not come the past week. He straightened up as if he were a man of a great deal of importance, and said, "Sahib, I have a lawsuit on hand." The inconvenience the people suffer on account of these cases is very great. They will walk twenty or thirty miles to be present on the appointed day for their suit, and then wait perhaps two or three days for their case to be called up. They have little money to use, and many times have hard fare during the days of waiting. Especially is this true in the case of many witnesses. When the case is called, for some trivial reason, it is postponed ten days or a month, when all wend their way home to

return again on the appointed day. Then, again, it may be postponed, and so on it goes month after month, until sometimes a whole year is consumed in this kind of work. The satisfaction that each party gets out of it is, that the other party suffers as much through these long journeys and tedious waitings as they. Every time the case is postponed, there is an additional cost.

The lawyers have a habit of receiving a fee from each side. I think this is peculiar to India. If they are in a lawsuit, they think if they can fee their opponent's lawyer with a larger amount than he can, the lawyer will be more interested in their case than he will in the case of his client.

There are persons also lounging around court-houses whose only occupation is giving testimony in court. For twenty-five cents you can hire them to swear to anything you desire. In the census returns of 1890, a large number gave this as their only occupation. Little justice is found in the courts, for, in the first place, you cannot believe the testimony. A magistrate in Balasore told me he never pretended to believe the witnesses. He simply listened to both sides, and then made up his mind what he thought might be probable. There is little doubt that many of the native magistrates will accept bribes in one way or another. English officials do their best to prevent bribery and corruption, but the tide is very strong in the other direction.

The people are slaves to custom. All that need be said by you as a reason for doing what you do, is, "This is our custom." This puts a stop to any argument. You will very seldom hear any other reason given for doing anything. This of course obstructs all progress. I was very well acquainted with a native judge in Midnapore, and had frequent conversations with him on different subjects. He was a well-educated man, and spoke English fluently. I asked him one day what his opinion was in regard to child marriage. He could not speak too strongly against it. He was sure the race was enfeebled by it, the mortality of the country increased, and a great deal of mental and physical suffering inflicted on the young child wife. I knew the judge had two or three young daughters, so I said, "Judge, you are not going to conform to the custom, are you? you know what is right; I hope you will follow your convictions and set your countrymen an example." He said, "This is our custom, and what can one man do to oppose it? If I would not marry off my daughters at the proper time, I should be in disgrace, and as I could not endure this, I must do as the rest do." I said, a little warmly, "Judge, if a man like you, with both a knowledge of what you ought to do and a social position that would help you greatly if you attempted any reform, and also with independent means, will not follow your convictions, who do you expect will lead in reforms?" He confessed he

ought to, but could not. The position of this gentleman is the position of many. Many of them would be glad to break away from their customs, in some things, but it binds them with a chain of steel.

They are very fond of display. This is shown in the case of the rich, by the number of servants they can keep, the gold jewelry and precious stones they can wear, and the dash and glitter of their turnout as they go for a drive. It is seen in the poor by the amount of jewelry they put on, even if it be made of shell, lac, glass, or brass. They think the clanking of the heavy pieces of their jewelry denotes about as much distinction as some of our ladies do the rustling of their silks. On great festival days the streets are brilliant with the red and yellow garments of the women. They make garlands of large red and yellow flowers to festoon their houses and adorn their persons.

The average native is a hard-working man. Many think because they live in a warm climate, they are like the African or other tribes who will only work when compelled to, but such is not the case. Indeed, they often work under circumstances that would try the pluck of many an American. It is true they are "to the manor born," and can endure heat that the European cannot, but still the heat affects them, and the cold even more. In the hot months they will get up and start on their journey at two o'clock in the morn-

ing. This is a regular custom among cartmen and pilgrims. Very early in the morning, also, you will find them in their fields. It is true there are lazy people there as here, but they are the exception.

They are a frugal people ; they love to make a display, it is true, but that is only on occasions. They have big dinners for friends and kinsmen, but these are not frequent. Ordinarily their meals are of the plainest kind, and their dress of but little expense. Though most of them are poor, they try very hard to lay by something for a time of still sorer need. This is not laid by in money but jewelry, which can always be sold for the market value of the gold or silver it contains. They will pinch themselves, and almost starve before they will draw on their little store laid by.

Many of them are very anxious for an education, and especially an English education. In Madras many of the common coolies can speak English fairly well, and in Calcutta almost all native merchants have a fair knowledge of English. They are also very fond of airing their English, and some use it very amusingly, as the following letter, written by a Bengali babu to Dr. O. R. Bachelor, of Midnapore, will show :—

“MY DEAR GODFATHER : My registered note addressed to your name has been sent by post to Midnapore during you had gone to America. An answer which gave by Mr. Z. F. Griffin gave me much sorrow, for your answer reached me at that time. In the November last an information has been given me by Mr. Coldren at Balasore of your returning from there to Midnapore. Therefore I send this

registered note for your answer. It is proposed by many learned and gentlemen of your kindness to helpless men in their wants, depending on their saying, I am going most respectfully to inform you my want. I have descended from a Hindu tribe ; forty-five years of my age, my mother was put at the point of death. My father is always unkind and surly fellow. . . . You will be remarkable to the story of my much above mentioned that his principal duty is that his sons will be dunce. . . . My godfather, you shall have tried to get post under the police and postal department. I hope if you kindly recommend the superintendent of these offices, they must appoint me at any post of my worthy. It is very important to let you know that you should not hate me though being a Hindu. I am going to want your true refuge. I may be baptized after which if I will be had any post under my office. If you please and kindly try get me a post without preachership, I will be baptized unless I cannot. . . .

“I am your dear godson,

“— — —.”

They do not care for knowledge so much for its own sake, as for what it will bring to them financially. The great ambition is to pass the entrance examination in the university, or to try to pass. They will boast as loudly of having tried and failed, as of having tried and succeeded. After passing and receiving an appointment, they seem to think they have reached the goal. They seldom continue any course of study, but pass their time after office hours in conversation or games.

They have remarkable memories. Away back thousands of years ago they learned their sacred books, and handed down the contents by memory, and that has to some extent been kept up all through the centuries. The priests begin very early in life to commit the shasters, and they can.

sing for hours from memory, the verses of some of their poetical writings. The whole nation has been developed along that line, for those who could not read or write have had to depend on their memory for their knowledge of facts.

They are an eloquent, poetical people. Their imagination is vivid, and their language being rich in words, they find no trouble in giving expression to their thoughts. Some people in America who listened to the addresses of the representatives of the Hindu religion, and the Brahmo-Somaj, at the World's Parliament of Religions, can testify to this fact. Some of the most eloquent men I have ever heard are natives of India. They are very quick to see a point, even though the thought be covered by the words of a parable or a comparison. Even the most ignorant have not only a poetical turn of mind, but can also understand the point in an argument. Being not overscrupulous as to the exact facts, they can embellish a narrative and make it very telling.

They are great lovers of home. If a person were simply to pass through the country and observe the number of people away from home, either for the sake of work or on a religious pilgrimage, he would at once think these people care nothing for home. But they do. It is true they have no such homes as we have, where husband, wife, and children come around the same table or hearthstone, figuratively speaking, yet the wife loves her husband,

and in many cases he is no doubt fond of her. The mother also loves her children and the children the mother. It is a great trial to the family when the little wife ten or eleven years of age is taken from the home of her father and mother. It is also a trial when they start off on their long religious pilgrimage. They well know that the chances are they may never return, so as they take the last look at the old home, even though it be humble, it is with many a heartache. It is often difficult to get them to leave the place of their birth, even though they may better their condition by so doing. Often only when hunger stares them in the face, can they be induced to do so.

Another very commendable custom is the way they have of providing for their joint families. This does not beget the greatest enterprise, but provides a home and food for the indolent, the unfortunate, or the unemployed in the family. If a man has half a score of sons, each one brings his wife to his father's house, and here they all live from a common purse. If only one in the ten has employment he will cheerfully hand over his wages each month to his mother, who is queen in her realm—the house. Sometimes as many as a hundred persons have a common home, and no one of the hundred will want as long as any of the number has anything to divide.

The Hindus are a very devotional people. They expect every man to have a religion as much as a

nationality. With them it matters little what their morals may be, but they are still religious. A man must attend to his religious duties, and these sometimes involve a great deal. They make him observe certain days, and send him on long pilgrimages, and make him give of his substance though that be but little. It matters not what the demand, he must comply. Visit Muttra, Brindaban, Benares, Hurdwar, Puri, and a hundred other shrines, and you will be convinced that the Hindu is a very religious man.

## CHAPTER X.

### OCCUPATIONS.

I AM often asked, "What do the people do?" That question cannot be answered in a single sentence. If we would see them as they are, we must glance at their separate occupations. The largest class in Bengal are farmers. Only five out of every hundred live in the cities. When we remember that in England sixty-six, and in America twenty-two out of each hundred, live in towns and cities, we see more clearly the rural nature of the Indian people. I have told you something of what these farmers produce. They require but a few tools to do their work. A plow with a single handle, a sickle, a heavy, short-handled hoe, and a yoke of bullocks, are about all that are necessary. If they need to irrigate the land, a few more things are required. If they irrigate from a tank or a river, a scoop is made of woven bamboo splints. On each side of this a rope is attached by means of which two men raise the water, simply by a sort of swinging motion. If it needs to be raised higher, sometimes a sweep is constructed.

In Northern India thousands of wells furnish the water for irrigation. Bullocks raise the water from these. These are exclusive of the many irrigation

canals. Bullocks plow the fields, carry in most of the grain, tread it out, and carry both straw and rice to market on their backs. With these diverse duties the farmer hardly has the last of his straw carried off, before he has to begin plowing again.

Landholders are men whose forefathers had large estates, which the government has allowed them to keep by paying a certain annual land rent. These landlords do not work their own land, but let it to tenants. The former live on the fat of the land, and many of them have been very oppressive.

There are many who cultivate no land, but live by working here and there as they can find a day's work. These are called coolies, and their pay is about five cents a day, and they board themselves. The ambition of nearly every country coolie is to get a piece of land which he can call his own, though in reality no person can absolutely own land in India. Many small farmers do coolie work when they can get it to do.

There are in the bazaars, manufacturers of different kinds. No steam- or water-power is employed, but all work is done by men, women, or bullocks. Large quantities of brass are used in dishes. This is melted and run into a mold of the required shape, after which the articles are cut and polished. Some very nice work is done in this way, and some beautiful carved brass work is turned out from Benares, Moradabad, and other places.

The people are very fond of jewelry, and often hoard their money in this way, so there are many goldsmiths and silversmiths in the country. Very little gold is in circulation in India, and the reason assigned is that every gold coin is at once locked up in jewelry. These smiths, with a hollow bamboo branch for a blowpipe, a pot of charcoal, a file, and a pair of pinchers, and two or three other rude instruments, will melt the gold and silver, and fashion it as you wish. Some of the finest work in the world in these metals is done in India. One peculiarity of these smiths is that they can blow a constant blast of wind through their blowpipe. The wind enters the nose, goes into the lungs, and out of the mouth in a constant circuit. This may seem incredible because we cannot do it. But they can, and do.

The blacksmith sits on his heels and pounds out his wares ; *i. e.*, what of them he doesn't burn up. He is not the man who shoes the horses and bullocks. He makes the shoes, and another tradesman comes to the stable to put them on. He is a little too high up in the social scale to blow his own bellows, so another man sits on his heels to blow the bellows. A blacksmith shop can be improvised any time inside of half an hour under a tree. The bellows consists of two goat-skins, with two flat strips of wood sixteen inches long, so fastened to each skin that when the man takes hold of one, by putting his thumb over one strip and

his fingers over the other, he can open it. When he opens it, of course the air rushes in, and he blows it out through an iron nozzle at the other end, by closing his hand and pressing down on the skin. He has two skins which he alternately opens and closes, so making a constant blowing at the fire where these nozzles come together. To make the place for the fire, all that is needed is a little stiff mud plastered around the nozzles of the bellows, and a heavy stone to hold them down. With a basket of charcoal, a heavy piece of iron for an anvil, a pair of tongs, and a hammer, he is equipped for business. I was rude enough to laugh outright the first time I saw a blacksmith at work.

When a brick mason begins a job, his first work probably will be to make his brick. When taken from the mold that holds but a single brick, they are spread around upon the grass to dry. When enough are dry, they prepare to burn them. This is not done as we burn brick. They make as many walls a foot high and eight inches thick, as they want arches. These walls are as long as the kiln is to be wide, and about fifteen inches apart. Into this open place, between these several little walls, they put dry fire wood. Now they begin to build up the rest of the kiln, putting the bricks over the wood in such a way that they will not fall when the wood burns out. So it goes clear to the top, mixing together brick and wood. Sometimes they put in pieces of logs eighteen inches in diameter.

When it is all laid up, fire is set to the fine wood below, and inside of twenty-four hours all of the wood in the kiln is ablaze. When the wood is consumed, the bricks are burned.

The brick mason next prepares his lime. First in order is to have the stone. In our part of India, this was simply nuggets of limestone called gingta, and was usually gathered by women. They find it lying around in waste places and in ditches. It is not found in all places, and the supply, even where it is found, may become exhausted, so at times it must be brought long distances in carts or otherwise. After the gingta is gathered, it must be burned. For this purpose a round kiln is made from four to eight feet in diameter, four or five feet high, and open at the top. In order to have a draft, two or three openings are left in the wall at the bottom. First a little straw and dry wood are put in, then three baskets of charcoal and one of gingta. In this proportion the charcoal and lime are put, until the kiln is full, when it is set on fire. When the charcoal is consumed, the lime is burned. Wood may be used instead of charcoal, but more is required. One strange thing about the burning of brick and lime, is that these masons will not set fire to their lime-kilns nor their brick-kilns. They say the fire will destroy life in the lime and the brick, and they must not take life. They are consistent enough to cause some one of a lower caste to start the fire.

Walls are laid something as they are in America, only very slowly, and with a great deal of water. The masons have a little straw wisp beside them, and a jar of water. These are used every now and again in sprinkling the walls. Often a course of brick is laid on the outside and inside of the wall, and the place between is filled with water, which is allowed to remain until absorbed by the brick, while they work upon some other part of the wall, or retire for a smoke. May this not account for the fact that their buildings will sometimes stand for more than a thousand years? They make beautiful cornices, and all kinds of stucco-work with this lime. It is hardly necessary to add that they take their time to do a job. The wages of a brick-mason in the country districts is from eight to ten cents a day, and he boards himself.

The making of pottery is an important industry. Water is brought in earthen jars, people cook in them, and use them in various other ways. The material is coarse, and the construction rude, still they answer their purpose. These craftsmen, like all others, sit on their heels to do their work. A great deal of this pottery is wasted, and caste is accountable for part of it. Many of the pilgrims buy a little half-cent or quarter-cent earthen dish to cook their rice in, and after dinner either throw it down and break it, or leave it by the tree or rest-house where they were. We might think that the next man who came along and wanted to boil his

rice, would pick up one of the dishes, and wash it, and use it. But he does not. He doesn't know what low-caste man may have used it, so he proceeds to buy one for himself. In this way millions of earthen jars are destroyed. They have a custom also of breaking, once a year, all vessels in their houses made of this material. Almost any day you may see men and women bringing great loads of earthen jars to market.

Weaving is accomplished by means of the rudest kind of tools, and is all done by hand. I am not speaking of cotton and jute mills established by English capital, but of natives as they work. The thread is prepared after the most primitive methods, and is then stretched under a tree, the length which the piece of cloth is to be. Under this tree it is often woven. The natives make all kinds of cloth (chiefly of cotton), from the coarse and strong, such as is worn by the Santals, to the fine worn by the higher caste women. Tussur-silk made from cocoons found in the jungles, is one of the industries. How they can make such fine fabrics as they do with their rude tools is a mystery. In the vicinity of the Himalaya Mountains, a good deal of coarse woolen goods is made, and Cashmere is noted for the finest shawls in the world. The hand-looms of India cannot compete with the steam-looms of Manchester, so that weaving does not furnish the occupation for the people which it

once did. Many who now weave their own cloth, buy Manchester yarn.

A very low-caste people are the shoemakers, who are also the tanners. Animals which die are skinned by the sweepers, and their skins are taken to the shoemakers. These also get skins from the Mohammedan butchers. They tan them by making them into a big bag, and filling these with a liquid made from barks of different kinds steeped in water. The skins in this way are suspended over a large earthen vessel into which they drip. They make some pretty good leather, but it has the peculiar property of shrinking rather than stretching with use. If our shoe fits us nicely when it is new, we may be sure it will be too small after a few months. If we wish to have one of these country shoemakers make us a pair of shoes, we call him to our house. When he gets ready, he comes, and takes for a measure a strip of paper. He cuts this off, making it the length of our foot. Then he measures the instep with the same piece of paper, tearing the edge to make the mark. We ask him when he will have the shoes done, and he tells us, "Day after to-morrow." He stands around as if he were not quite ready to go, and we ask him what more he wants. "I want a little money for expenses," he says. If we don't know the custom of the country, we perhaps may tell him that when he gets his work done, we will pay

him ; but if we do know the custom, we will know that we must give him something in advance, or we will never get our work done. We may refuse to give it to him, and he may promise to do the work, but it is probable he will not do it. If we do give him a little money in advance, he does the work when he gets ready. Only after one has lived in India a few years, can he understand the expression, "Lie like a shoemaker." Have plenty of patience and perseverance, and we will get our shoes after a while.

There are merchants of all kinds. If, for instance, you should go down the streets of Balasore or Midnapore, you would see a line of shops on either side of the road. These are all small and but one story high. Some of them are pucca and some mud houses. The man who sells goods usually sits on a grass mat on the floor, or on a large low table. He may have beside him a large cushion on which to recline. If he can get the article you wish without getting up, he will do so ; if not, he will get up. You would find one man selling cloth of various kinds ; another, different kinds of oils, as kerosene-oil, from both Russia and America, castor-oil, coconut-oil, mustard-oil, and various other kinds of a coarser nature which the natives eat, and which they also use to rub on their bodies in the winter season before bathing. This man would also have rosin, gums, and paint. The next man perhaps would sell candies, which he makes on

the spot from sugar, flour, melted butter, and sour milk. With one or more of these four articles and a few spices in different combinations, and in different ways, he will make a great variety of sweets. The next man may have a shop for English goods. He keeps a little of almost everything, even though his shop be but eight feet by ten feet. We may go and inquire for something which we don't expect to find short of Calcutta, and as likely as not, he will find the very thing we are after, in some dusty corner. The next man has grains of all kinds, as rice, wheat, and dal of different varieties. The people are very fond of parched rice, so this is found in many shops. They make it by putting a certain kind of rice in an earthen jar, building a brisk fire under it, and stirring it with a splint broom while it is popping. Sometimes they put molasses with it, and roll it into balls. It is very palatable when fresh.

The boatmen are quite a numerous class in Bengal. Thousands of them live in their boats. They may have some other place they call home, but most of their time is spent on their boats. At a point above the Howrah bridge, a hundred and twenty thousand boats pass in a single year. They handle their boats very skilfully and sometimes recklessly. I was going up on the steamship "Bassein" once; and as we neared Calcutta, we saw a native rowboat coming toward us as if it would pass in front of us. I feared, as I saw them

coming, that they had mistaken our speed, and so it was, for instead of passing in front, they struck our side wheel, and instantly their boat was in splinters. They swim like ducks, and none were lost. While we find no native sailors who are Hindus on English ships, we find plenty of Hindus on their own boats. Mohammedan sailors are found in large numbers on European ships. They are treacherous and cowardly in a dangerous storm, and cannot be depended on in an emergency. Though they are skilful in running their own boats, they sometimes give us trouble when they run our mission boats, by what we used to think was their stupidity. Their pretended stupidity is often a deliberate plan to secure some advantage to themselves.

In Orissa there are many tidal rivers, and the coast canal crosses all these. At all these river crossings there are locks, which must be entered while there is plenty of water in the river. Sometimes, in crossing, they would delay the boat through various pretexts, until they were just too late to enter the lock on the opposite side. This would secure a rest to them until the next tide came in. You might be greatly inconvenienced by the delay, but it mattered little to them. Here, again, you have a chance to exercise the grace of patience.

We must not overlook the *mahajan*. The word literally means "great man," and so he is. He is

the money-lender. This may be his sole occupation, or he may do this in connection with some other business. Sometimes goldsmiths are money-lenders. The regular rate of interest among the natives is two pice on a rupee per month. As there are sixty-four pice in a rupee, two pice a month would be one thirty-second of the principal per month, or nearly forty per cent. per year. It is little wonder that when a poor man gets into the hands of a money-lender, he is often there for life, and sometimes becomes not much less than a slave to him. The note given is equal to a chattel mortgage, and will take the last thing a man has if the holder sees fit to crowd him. Custom is an iron law in India, and the custom is to spend large sums on the marriage of a daughter. On such occasions the money-lender is often called upon. This is one of the ways to account for the poverty of the people.

No one could live opposite a police headquarters, as we did for nine years, without realizing that policemen are a factor not to be overlooked in speaking of occupations. The lowest grade of these is the *chaukedar* or village watchman. These men are armed with a tough bamboo pole six feet long, on the end of which is a spear. They go around the village at night and call out now and again at the top of their voice. I have often told them that they call out so as to give the thief a good chance to get away. So far as being a protection against thieves is concerned, in our part of the country they

are absolutely worthless. In Northern India Europeans employ one of the thief caste as a watchman, and then they are safe though the watchman sleep all night. This illustrates the truth of the saying that "there is honor among thieves."

The next, above the chaukedar is the Bengal police. These men enlist as persons do in the army, and have regular military drill. They are distinguished by their blue drill pantaloons, shirt, and head-cloth. I would not deprecate any part of the government machinery of any worth, but I have had pretty good chances for knowing, and I have no hesitation in saying that they are about as big a set of rascals as could well be found. Possibly they help preserve the peace, but I doubt it. On the other hand, they bring many innocent people into the law courts. They are supposed to have criminal cases to report frequently, but if these cases do not come under their observation, they don't have much trouble in getting up one. But they are more noted for hushing up those which ought to come to the surface, than for trumping up cases. The palms of the policeman's hands itch for coin, which will work wonders for the guilty man, and withholding this, no one need expect much help.

Let me give a personal experience to illustrate this. I took with me to India a very nice, valuable watch which came to me from my dear younger brother, whom death had taken from us. I had a

little pocket on the wall near the head of the bed, where I hung my watch at night. It often happened that I left it there through the day also. One day I went to get it, and it was not there. People said, "Tell the police," and so I did. They at once came to the house. It was not the ordinary policeman in a blue drill suit, but a man a grade or two higher, having on white drill with two or three red stripes across his sleeve, a white head-cloth fringed with red, and around him a leathern belt with a brass buckle. Along with this head man came a writer, and an ordinary policeman in blue. This latter had to come to carry the ink-bottle and a little roll of brown paper on which were to be noted some of the important things necessary to be known in the case: First, "Which door would the thief be likely to enter?" As there were seven to the room, it is probable he had some trouble in deciding, but at last the writer was told what to record in this connection. Then, "How far did the pocket hang from the bed?" The distance was roughly estimated and recorded. Then the color of the pocket must be carefully noted. This was *very important*. It was not only red like the fringe of his head-cloth, but a much brighter red. Several other things of equal importance were observed and carefully noted. With a profound bow he departed carefully to consider the records he had ordered made, with a promise to call again the next day.

The next day he came to reassure himself that his observations of the previous day were correct. Finding he had made no mistake, he again withdrew with a promise to call again soon. The next day he came to announce his conclusions ; namely, that some one acquainted with the premises, and some one with a knowledge of the fact that I had a watch, had probably stolen it. This was a long step in the right direction. The next conclusion was that no one would be more likely to have this knowledge than some of the servants, and therefore some of them had it. If they had it, we would better search their houses for it, which he proceeded to do, but found no watch. I gave him no fee, and no more effort was made to find my watch by the police. The native Christians, with myself, decided who the guilty man was, and a month afterward, two of our native preachers found him, and recovered my watch.

These men walk about with their clubs hanging by their side, and strike terror into the hearts of many of the poor, ignorant people. They often buy things of the farmers at their own price, and vague rumors are sometimes heard that often they never pay for what they get. This is without doubt true. Perhaps on the whole it is better to keep them as policemen, than to discharge them and let such a bad class loose on society.

The *garrie wallah*, or cartman, must receive a little attention. His cart is made of two large wheels

five feet in diameter, a wooden axle, two large poles in the shape of a letter V (only with a much more acute angle), with the point eight feet in front of the axle, and the two ends running back of the axle eight feet. At the point the yoke is tied with a strong rope, and over the axle is the cover. This is made by bending green bamboo strips, tying other strips across them, and spreading palm leaves over the whole. This covering makes a good protection from rain and sun. The yoke is simply a straight pole with a loose pin in either end, and the bullocks are generally small cattle, with a hump on their necks just in front of the shoulder blade. In Northern and Southern India the cattle have long ears, and are much larger than in Bengal. The hump catches the yoke as soon as they begin to draw. If the cartman is very fond of his bullocks, he will have them tattooed in many places on their bodies with different figures. This is done by burning them with a red-hot iron. If he be able, he will have a string of cowries<sup>1</sup> around the base of their horns, and a sweet-sounding bell on the neck of each.

A hollow bamboo a foot long is fastened to the cover to hold oil for greasing his cart and his bullocks' horns, while on the top of the cover may be seen his box and earthen jar for cooking and feeding purposes. The driver loads his cart so as to allow a heavy portion to rest on

<sup>1</sup> A small shell used as money.

the necks of his bullocks, and when all is ready to start, he sits astride the V-shaped tongue, sticks his toes into the belly of each bullock, gives them a blow with his club of a whip, seizes each one by the root of the tail with his thumb and finger, and shouts to them. If this will not start them, nothing will. While on the road, the cartmen often cook, feed their bullocks, and eat under the shade of a tree, and sleep under or in their carts. All teaming is done by the faithful bullocks. Horses draw only people.

There is also quite an array of domestics connected with every well-to-do household. The native gentlemen are very fond of making a display of these. In the eyes of their fellow countrymen their wealth is determined by the number of people they can have around their houses. You call on a native gentleman, and you will be surprised to see the number of servants that will make their appearance at one time or another. I never could tell what they all did. English officials have a good many, but missionaries reduce their staff to the lowest number possible. But before I speak of the duties of these domestics, let me say a word as to their necessity. The question is asked, "Why do missionaries keep servants? Why do they so soon forget their simple habits of living after they get to India?"

I may as well say a few words now as at any time on this subject. In the first place, mission-

aries have been, as a rule, people who in the home land had simple habits. In the next place, they are, as a rule, intelligent and conscientious people. These two facts ought to be a guaranty that they would not unnecessarily indulge luxurious habits. They keep servants because they are a necessity. They pay for them from their own pocketbooks, so of course would not keep more than were needed. The country is very hot, so that we cannot put forth more physical effort than is necessary to do the work connected with our missionary work. If we did our own work, it would be at the expense of the work we were sent there to do. I contend that it is no more right for our wives to neglect their mission work for their housework, than it would be for a school-teacher in this country to be making her dresses and aprons during the hours of teaching. The missionary's wife is paid to do mission work, as the teacher is paid to teach the school. It is true there are some duties she cannot relegate to servants, but she can have them wash her clothes, and make them, and do many other things which she does in America.

“If necessary to have some, why have so many?”—For the same reason we have one, we must have a number. With their caste ideas one will not do the work which belongs to another. A cook will not sweep, and a gardener cannot cook, and a tailor cannot wash clothes. Members of one class cannot do the work of another, and would

not if they could. We must, therefore, have separate people to do these various kinds of work. We must bear in mind that they work very cheaply, and board themselves. Besides all this, there are so many people who are struggling for an existence, and who can hardly keep their children from starving, that from sheer pity, we would employ them as much as we possibly could. Many of them are good and true, and one becomes quite attached to them. They are also at times a great trial.

Having said so much as an explanation for their necessity, let us look at their work. Let us begin with the bearer. This man is supposed to look after the children and keep them from running into the sun, dust the furniture, keep the mold off our books and shoes during the rains, fill the lamps, buy material for annual repairs, look after these repairs, and do many kinds of work in that line, so that the man of the house may not be tried every hour in the day with these things. As natives go, he is a pretty faithful man, but you have some trials with him. When he cleans the books, he may put them in wrong end up, and in his efforts to keep others from cheating you, he is apt to do it himself. Then you are never quite sure about the children. We may find one of them out in the sun with no hat on, which never should be allowed. If we chide the bearer, he will tell us the child ran out itself, and would go, and what could he do? So

while the bearer looks after things in general, we must look after him in particular.

The butcher comes. He is a Mohammedan, of course, and has with him a small boy who carries, on a flat, dirty tray made of split bamboos, some meat. He plants himself in the back door so as to attract our attention, and when he gets our eye, makes a low *salaam* (bow). We go to him to see what he has, and he tells us it is a nice piece of lamb, and he picks it up, and turns it over, and points out the fat if he can find any, and assures us that it is young and tender. We tell him we fear it is not lamb, but goat. He emphatically declares it is lamb, and asks if we ever saw wool growing from a goat's leg, and then points triumphantly to the wool near the foot, which he did not take off. We are sure he is right, and buy his lamb. Don't be at all surprised to find that the wool was carefully sewed on a goat's leg, by which process a goat is readily turned into a lamb.

Here is the gardener. We must have a little house built in the garden for him. It need not be large,—ten feet square will do,—but he must have it, in order to keep people from stealing the fruit and vegetables. He watches the fruit as it ripens, and plucks it before the crows, or monkeys, or bad boys do. He is supposed to board himself, but intends to get all the fruit and vegetables he needs out of the garden. Each morning he brings in

the fruit and vegetables, tastefully arranged on a flat woven bamboo tray. He is a gardener by caste, and rarely does anything else but work in fruits, vegetables, or grains.

But of all servants the cook is the most important. The cook-house is some distance from the house, and no European woman could walk back and forth between this and the house very much in the hot sun. The cook is, therefore, left a good deal to himself. This suits him well, for he can then do about as he likes. There is in the house a sort of pantry, in which all the provisions are kept under lock and key. The lady of the house makes up her mind what she wants for the different meals of the day, and gives her orders to the cook early in the morning. He comes to the pantry with his dishes, and she comes with her keys. He gets rice, dal, onions, sugar, cracked wheat, potatoes, if there are any, salt, and ghee. He sometimes says he has not enough salt, or sugar, or ghee. She may give him more, or may say, "That is surely enough for one day." He says nothing, of course, but takes his things and goes. At dinner you find that things which required salt are too fresh, or things which required sugar are not sweet enough, and the ghee is nearly minus in some things. You may suggest to the cook that the dinner is tasteless. He tells you very meekly that he is very sorry, but it is impossible for him to make things sweet without sugar. The next time, you let him

take about what salt, sugar, and ghee he asks for. You see the man has a family at home, and they like salt in their rice, and ghee in their dal. You know that what of these your dinner-lacks, has gone into his, but you are helpless, and must make the best of the situation. You may say, "Why not dismiss him when you know he does such things, and get another?" The fact is, we would not better our condition if we did. The man has been with us a number of years, so that he and his family are well fed. The chances are, the new man and his family would be lean and poor. You can see what would follow. The cook comes very early to the house to prepare the morning meal. This is very simple. It may be a piece of toast, a boiled egg, and a cup of tea. He churns our butter in a pickle bottle, by shaking it vigorously. The butcher takes the leg of mutton we bought to the cook, and it was he who showed you the piece of lamb's skin which was sewed on the leg of the goat. He may show it, or he may not. That will depend entirely on whether it will pay him to do so. We must remember that there is a good deal of power in the hands of the cook. Let us walk out quietly to the cook-house, and put our ear to a crack in the door, and listen. We may hear something like this :—

*Cook* : " How much did the *mem-sahib* give for this mutton ? "

*Butcher* : " One rupee."

*Cook* : "This is not mutton, it is goat."

*Butcher* : "You don't know mutton from goat. That is a sheep."

*Cook* : "Do your sheep fasten the wool on their legs with a thread?" The butcher sees he is caught, and smiles, and the cook says, "I want more *dusturi*."<sup>1</sup>

*Butcher* : "I am giving you now two pice on the rupee, and that is the regular custom."

*Cook* : "A man who makes his money as you do, by selling goat's meat for mutton, can give three pice on the rupee." The butcher refuses, a quarrel ensues, and the cook, always greatly interested in our welfare, brings the leg to us, shows the trick, and tells us to dismiss this man and get an honest butcher.

Almost all the natives do their cutting of meats and vegetables by means of a knife shaped something like a sickle. One end of this is fastened into a board fifteen inches long and four inches wide, and so fixed that the edge is toward them. When they want to cut anything for cooking, they squat on the floor, put one foot on the board to hold it solid, and proceed to cut. This kind of knife is found in every native house. The cook is

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<sup>1</sup> *Dusturi* is the money paid to servants by any person who sells goods of any kind to Europeans or wealthy natives. It is one thirty-second of the value of the article. The cook buys for the table, and gets his *dusturi*, the hostler for the horses and gets his, etc. This all comes out of the purchaser.

not encumbered with many garments while at his work. Three yards of factory cotton tied around his loins will answer. When we see him come into the dining-room with a paper in his hand, we know he is after money, and wants to render his account. We are surprised that all the money we gave him a few days ago is gone. But there it is in black and white : Rice, so much ; dal, so much ; and so on to the end of the list. Many of the smaller things cost but one quarter of a cent, but the whole takes all the money, and leaves us a little in his debt. We know he has cheated us, and we think perhaps that we will do our own buying. The next day we go to the bazaar for this purpose, but the men in the bazaar cheat us so much worse than our cook did, that we are quite willing for him to continue. We had a Mohammedan cook whose name was Jesso. Chicken is the principal meat, and Jesso bought the chickens. One day my wife, who was fond of the leg, after eating one, looked for the other. It was not to be found. She called the cook and inquired into the matter. Jesso said, "Chickens are very scarce these days, and this one with one leg is all I could find in the market."

There is a small piece of cloth which may be said to be the badge of the cook. It is a yard long, and half a yard wide, and he usually carries it on his naked shoulder. It answers a great variety of purposes, among which is straining milk. This

is not by order or consent of the lady of the house, but the way he does when alone and unmolested. They never want to see any milk wasted, so insist on squeezing out with their thumb and finger the last drop. We may have told him a score of times that we would much prefer a few drops less milk, and a little less dirt, but the next time he strains the milk, it is the same thing.

As showing another use to which this piece of cloth may be put, let me tell a little incident which was told us at the tea table the day it occurred. The victim was Mrs. Boyer, our neighbor just across the street. She was feeling a little languid, so asked the cook to make her a cup of coffee, which he proceeded to do. It was so very nice that she asked for a second cup. The cook told her he was sorry that he could not make her any more, for the reason that he had no more milk. She said, "I thought you had a quart of milk," and the cook replied, "So I had, mem-sahib, but the boy spilt it on the cook-house floor, and all I could sop up I put in your other cup of coffee." We can't say that these cooks are really dirty men, but they do things differently than we do in America. But they are faithful in many respects, and in spite of all their faults, we like them.

House cannot be kept without the *dirze*. This is the man who sews. He comes in the morning at nine o'clock and stays until five. He never wears his shoes inside the house, and never takes

off his cap. He has a bit of grass matting three feet by six feet, which he takes from the corner of the room and unrolls. Leisurely he proceeds to sit down with his legs crossed under him. He has a little box which he unlocks, and takes from it his scissors, needles, pins, cloth, etc. He is now ready for operation. He is a pretty good imitator, and insists that he can make anything you want if you will give him a pattern. Sometimes he does very well, and sometimes he spoils the garment. He never will acknowledge that a garment is spoiled, and insists that a little alteration would make it all right. He is very fond of his midday nap, and we shall be sure to find him some hour of the day fast asleep. The wife can't sit over him all the time. If she could, she might as well do the work. He generally is carrying on a little business by himself at home, so a yard or two of print seldom comes amiss. Even thread and needles and pins can be used. These he can quietly slip in and under his garments at convenient times. If we think needles and thread go too fast, he tells us needles are poor, and they don't put as much thread on a spool as they used to. We learn what Paul meant when he said, Take "joyfully the spoiling of your goods."

Every Monday morning the washerman comes. The housewife has a book to keep her accounts with him, which she brings out while he proceeds to count the soiled clothes. "One, two, three, four—four sheets." This is marked down. Then

towels are counted. It may be at this time some one asks for the mem-sahib, and her attention is taken away for the moment. This is his opportunity to put in an extra garment. If he is caught, he says he made a mistake in the count, but if not, he is a garment ahead, for he brings back only the number marked. After all are counted, he rolls them up in a big sheet, puts them upon his head, and carries them to the tank or river, where they are pounded over stones, or poles, or slabs, and boiled in a coarse soap with water until they are clean. In this process buttons are torn off, and the color is taken out of prints and calicoes. If there are some good pearl buttons on the garments, he may cut some of them off, then declare they were lost in the washing. They are again counted and checked off when he brings them back, and if they tally, all right, but if not, he agrees to make them right. Half of them are now made over to the dirze, to mend tears and sew on buttons, and the rest are put away.

You must have a man who is called a *syce* to attend your horse. There are many reasons for this. In the first place, the horses are generally so vicious that, being used to the natives, a white man could not harness nor saddle them. In the next place, there are no hitching-posts, and if there were, we would not dare hitch our horse, for whatever was moveable might be taken before we got back to our carriage. Again, we cannot afford the

time to attend to our horse when we can hire it done for five cents a day and the man of course boards himself, as do all the rest of the servants. Each day the man has to go and find grass where he can; and all through the dry season, with a sort of spade he digs it up by the roots. This is washed in the tank or river and brought home. The horse also eats *dannah*, the grain from which dal is made. The syce and his family eat dal, and could easily eat the horse's share, so we must have the horse brought to the house, and see him fed. This is not always possible for us to do, and therefore the man often gets some of the food the horse should have. But when we think that the man is really hungry enough to eat raw peas, we can hardly begrudge him the little he may steal.

In giving an account of the occupations, we must not overlook the *punka wallah*, for he is necessary to the very existence of the European in India. A *punka* is a contrivance for keeping the air in motion in a room. This is made by taking a pole, say five inches in diameter, and anywhere from ten to twenty feet long, and suspending it from the ceiling by means of hooks and ropes. It hangs down four or five feet from the ceiling, and is swung back and forth by means of a man pulling a rope which is attached to it. This man is the *punka wallah*. I fancy I hear some one say, "Do you have some one to fan you?" Truth compels me to answer yes to that question. This is one of the

“luxuries” of the missionaries’ life that we sometimes hear about. I have told you something of the climate, and the work of the missionary is spoken of further on. But we will have to emphasize one or two things before you will see the necessity of a punka wallah. When the wind gets in the south, the temperature of the atmosphere rapidly changes, so that by April we must close our doors by nine o’clock, and sometimes earlier, to keep out the outside wind, which feels at times like the air from an oven. You may fancy yourself shut up in a room where the thermometer will be from  $90^{\circ}$  to  $100^{\circ}$ , and not the slightest motion in the air. It is true we are not all in our houses by this time in the morning. Those who have gone out to the zenanas or the villages or schools, do not get in before ten o’clock ; but some members of the household are in the house, and the punka must go. We dress thinly, and yet if we get out of a room where the punka is, in a very few moments the perspiration will begin to ooze from every pore in the skin.

English officers, whose salaries are large, start their punkas in a number of rooms, and keep them going night and day for seven or eight months. Missionaries, whose salaries will not admit of this, economize their punka pulling as much as possible. But punkas we must have to some extent if we are to live and work at all. It often happens during the rainy season that not a breath of air is stirring

night or day. At such times as this we must have punkas at night also. The punka wallah is not an unalloyed blessing. We often have such a trial with him that we think we will get along without him, but a day of such an experience causes us to decide to choose the least of two evils.

Let me try to take the reader through one night's experience. We retire at ten o'clock, when our night men are supposed to be on hand. They are probably there, though they may be late. We lie down with our thin night suit on, and the punka starts. We are comparatively comfortable, though  $10^{\circ}$  cooler would suit us much better, and we go to sleep. By and by we awake with a feeling of suffocation, and we find our clothes wet with sweat, and the punka standing still. Then we call out, "Punka tannow," which is an order to pull the punka. It may move, and it may not. If it does not, we get up and take hold of the rope and give it a pull. Our man who is pulling is off in another part of the house, or out on the veranda, but even in his sleep he holds on to the rope, so our pull at his rope awakens him. He suddenly comes to the conclusion that he has been sleeping, and begins to pull most vigorously. It may be he pulls so hard to convince us that he has been wide-awake all the time. At all events he now pulls so hard that the breeze on our damp night clothes makes us feel chilly, and we must call out to him to pull more slowly. This he is quite willing to do, and

so it swings more slowly and keeps on growing slower and slower, until finally it stops again. Then we know our man has again gone to sleep. We again go through the process of awakening him, and again our punka is pulled spasmodically. We keep on this way for half an hour, and then go out where the man is, and convince him that he has been sleeping, and that he must wake up thoroughly and keep awake. It may be we tell him if he can't do better, we must get some one else. Now he is thoroughly aroused, and pulls steadily, and we retire and go to sleep again, only to repeat the experience an hour or two hence. We get up in the morning feeling that we have not slept more than half the night, and wish that we could just for one night lie down on a bed and pull a blanket over us, and sleep without the "luxury" of a punka wallah.

There is a maid-servant, the *ayah*, who makes the beds and attends the smaller children, and another servant, the sweeper, who keeps the house and yard clean. All in all, the servants are as faithful and honest as so many persons would be in America if they were often pinched with hunger. There are many trials in connection with so many people about the house, and one often wishes conditions were different. But since they are as they are, we make the best we can out of them. We like the servants, as a rule, and they become attached to us. They are very polite, and seldom

give us a saucy answer. They will bear a great deal of hardship and fatigue without grumbling, and our interest is always paramount with them, next to their own. Their wages range from one dollar to two dollars and a half a month, except in the larger cities, where they are more. Most of the servants we had were with us a number of years, and when we left, some of them prostrated themselves at our feet, and wept as if their hearts were breaking.

# Dr. M. C. Bamjee

M. D. (HARV'D)

CITY HEALTH DEPT.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

## CHAPTER XI.

### A GLANCE AT HINDUISM.

THERE are many languages spoken in India, many nationalities represented, and adherents to many kinds of religions. Away back at the very dawn of history, fifteen or twenty centuries before Christ, when our Aryan brothers first entered India as invaders, there were hordes of people scattered over its fertile plains. These aborigines were worshipers of evil spirits. They thought it better to appease the wrath of the evil spirits, their enemies, than to invoke the blessing of the good spirits. Though many of these tribes have been grafted into Hinduism, they still retain some of these practises.

Hinduism is not what it was three or four thousand years ago. The Hindus were never monotheistic, but were formerly much nearer so than now. Then they said: "Suerja, the sun, drives away the cold and gives us light, and should receive adoration ; Indra, rain, makes our rice and millet and grass grow, and should be worshiped ; Agni, fire, is powerful, and should be an object of our devotions." In Vedic times they reasoned thus, and had but thirty-three gods ; eleven in heaven, eleven on the earth, and eleven in mid-air. Gradually

they came to believe that everything was but a manifestation of supreme power, or a part of the supreme power, and should be worshiped ; and so their thirty-three gods multiplied into thirty-three millions.

The Hindus are idolaters. The more educated do not wish to be classed with those who worship idols, and there are defenders of Hinduism in America and England who do not call them idolaters. I have more than once talked with educated Hindus who claimed that they were not worshiping the idol, but God, which the idol represents. They say, "As you Christians believe that God is in everything and everywhere, so do we, and therefore he is in this brass idol and in this tree which we worship :" That sounds very well, but two things must be borne in mind in this connection ; and the first is, they do not think God is in everything, and thus worship him, for the priest must put on the mark before an image or a tree becomes an object of worship. The other is that the great mass of the common people think the idol itself has the power to hear and to help.

Before the Aryans settled down to till the soil, they were but wandering herdsmen, and their wealth consisted of their cattle. Even after they became cultivators, they were anxious to increase their herds. The faithful bullock plowed their fields, and bore upon his back their burdens, and the cow gave them milk and butter. If any object

was worthy of adoration, it was these faithful animals; so the cow and the bull early became sacred in the eyes of the devout Hindu. The image representing a crouching bull is called *Mahadab*, and means, literally, "great god."

A queen who lived near our mission in India, realizing that her end was near, had brought to her side her favorite cow, and taking its tail in her hand, passed quietly and contentedly into the spirit land.

We find a great many such images. Some of these are of gigantic size, as the one near the Well of Knowledge in the city of Benares; others are small. Some are kept in public places, and others in temples and private houses.

Motherhood is the one great thing to be desired on the part of a wife in India; and no disgrace, scarcely, is greater than that of being childless. Such women are taught that if they perform a proper worship at the shrine of *Mahadab*, they may become mothers. There are many things in connection with the worship of this image, of which I cannot speak, for with our ideas of decency, they would be considered obscene in the extreme.

The Hindus attach great sanctity to certain places, and think a visit to these places will in some way bring great good to them. Among the most noted of these is Benares. What Mecca is to the Mohammedans, or Jerusalem to the Jews, that is Benares to the Hindus. I was once on the

train in the same compartment with two well-educated native gentlemen, going up from Mogul Sarai to Benares. As soon as the minarets of its mosques and the spires of its temples came in sight they exclaimed, "Behold our sacred city!" Built upon the high and sloping banks of the Ganges River, from a distance it presents a beautiful appearance. Closer acquaintance, however, removes the delusion. But to the devout Hindu the very sight of it brings raptures of joy; for if he can but bathe in the sacred Ganges, in this the holiest of cities, great merit is put down to his credit by the god who keeps a careful record of all our good and bad deeds, and offsets the one by the other. What wonder is it then that, for miles along its banks, priests may be seen sitting every day in the year under their large umbrellas to receive the offerings of the pilgrims who have come from all parts of India to bathe in *Ma Ganga* — Mother Ganges?

Here, too, are the burning places to which the dead are borne from as great a distance as possible, for if their ashes can be sprinkled on the holy river, the day of their complete redemption will be hastened. Sometimes aged people come here to die.

A ride in a boat, gently floating with the current, in the morning, for a distance of four miles, down by these bathing places will make impressions never to be forgotten. There is devotion enough to awe you into silence and meditation, and disgusting sights enough to sicken you at heart

and stomach. It may truly be said of many of the Hindus that they are "weary and heavy laden." They seem extremely restless, as if in possession of the knowledge that they are a long way from God, and are trying to find their way back to him. Many of them spend the last years of their lives in going from one shrine to another. Some of them are satisfied with visiting a single shrine.

There are places of established merit, and there are others for which priests and *pandas* are trying to work up a reputation. Brindaban has long been one of the most sacred, its priests claiming for it even greater sanctity than that of Benares itself. It is a city full of temples, and Seth's Temple is the most beautiful and costly of them all, in fact, the most costly Hindu temple in the world. The king of Jeypore is building one now at Brindaban which will be a rival to the celebrated Taj Mahal. When I was at the place, a few years ago, five hundred men had been at work on it five years, and it was still far from being completed. Here also come pilgrims in great numbers.

Four miles from Brindaban is the city of Muttra, on the River Jumna, between Agra and Delhi. This is the reputed birthplace of Krishna, considered as an incarnation of Vishnu. On the plains near the city he fed his herds, and numerous relics of antiquity attest the sanctity with which the place is invested. Krishna was no doubt a hero, strong and brave in battle, as well as too full of craft and

cunning for his enemies to succeed against him. He defended the city of Muttra against eighteen attacks by the father-in-law of Kansa, and finally, after complete victory, sat and rested here on the banks of the Jumna. From being a hero he gradually became transformed into a god, and is now as extensively worshiped as any. The word *beshram* means resting ; and therefore Beshram Ghat means the resting-gate, or stairs. Being the spot where Krishna rested, devotees visit it from all parts of India.

At this ghat several things of unique interest are seen, though widely different in their nature. One is the tall pillar near by called Suttee Bourge, or the pillar of suttee. It is a memorial pillar erected on the spot where a live queen was burned beside her dead husband. Then there are the huge turtles which abound, and to feed which seems to be part of the duty of the pilgrims. The turtles will justle each other in trying to get the lion's share of the parched rice thrown to them. Equally curious are the "weighing arches." Kings and princes making pilgrimages to this place have, on some occasions, erected arches, fastened scales to the top of them, and weighed themselves against so many pounds of gold, avoirdupois, giving the gold to the priests.

Far up toward the northwest of India the River Ganges emerges, clear and cold, from the mountains into the plains ; and a city called Hurdwar is

built upon its banks at this point. Brahminical teachings have attached great sanctity and importance to this place, and here also every year come thousands of pilgrims. Once in twelve years the place has especial virtues, and, in this year, hundreds of thousands visit it. The railroads are taxed for weeks to their utmost, carrying people in stock-cars, crowded together as thickly as possible, as well as on the regular trains. Thousands also go on foot; for more virtue lies in making a pilgrimage on foot than by train.

The day that I visited the place was *sadhus* day. The word *sadhu* means holy man, or devotee. These men had congregated from different parts of the country to the number of two thousand or more. Many Europeans also were present, among them the present czar of Russia, who was then making a tour of India. Very early in the morning I was awakened by the shrill notes of a wind instrument corresponding to our clarinet. I made ready my camera to take a photograph, but found it impossible to get near on account of the multitude of people. They began their exercises by a sword performance, and then were marshaled into line for a procession. First came *sadhus* on richly caparisoned elephants, these were followed by those on camels, then some on ponies, and, lastly, others on foot. I was told that they were to cross the pontoon bridge, so stationed myself at the nearest available point to get a photograph. The only

remarkable thing about this day's worship was that all day long these men, to the number of at least two thousand, paraded the streets of the city, as naked as they were the day they were born, in the presence of a multitude of men, women, and children.

Another thing essentially connected with their religion is the belief in the transmigration of souls. That doctrine is simply this: When a person dies, only his body dies, and the spirit, which was in the body, had previously been in some other body and would again go to another body. All sin, they say, must be punished, and the suffering we have in the flesh is a punishment for past sins. They may not be the sins committed in this body, but in some previous body. We argue, if sorrow comes to us here, it may all be rectified in the future life. They argue that it comes from the past life. We are inspired through suffering and trials to hope on; they have no incentive to hope. They say when they have been born enough times, and suffered enough to atone for all sins, then they will be absorbed and become a part of God. More than four million births, in different forms of life, are ordinarily necessary fully to purify the soul. But supreme acts of penance can have a great deal to do in cutting short these cycles of births. Hence we have the sadhu, or devotee.

A close view of a sadhu reveals a man with an unshaven face and uncut hair. Often his hair

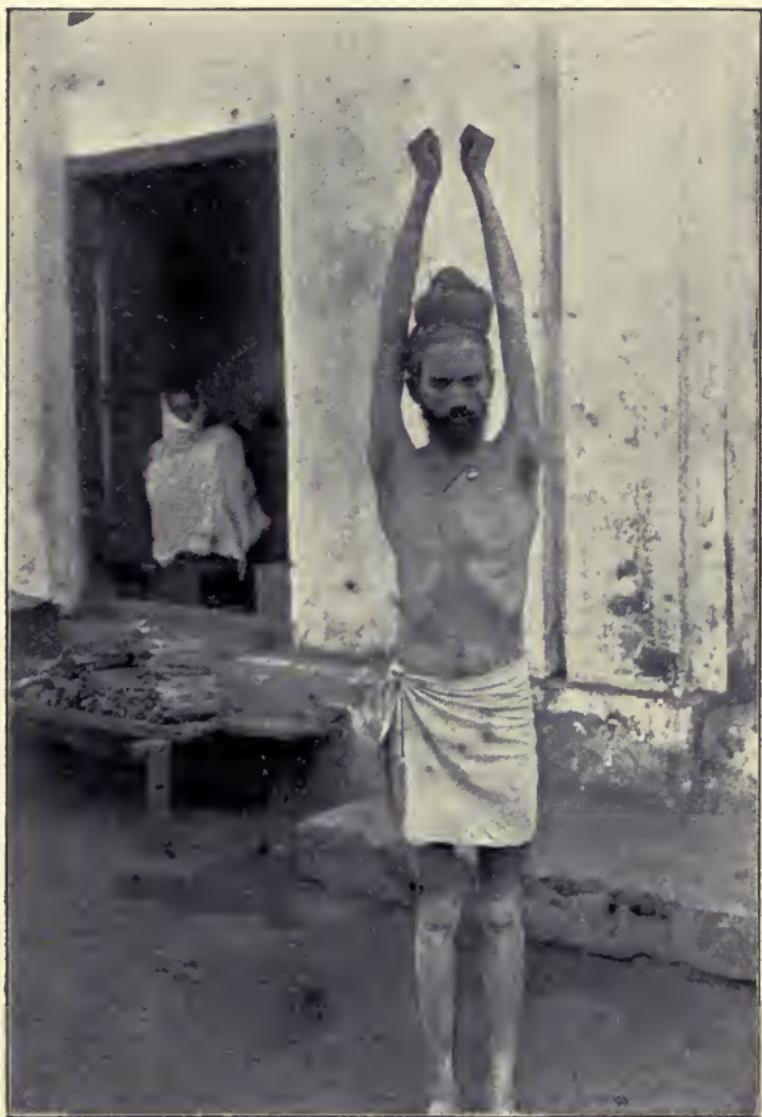
hangs down in a matted condition to his waist, or lower. His body is covered with ashes, and he has on but the scantiest bit of cotton cloth around his loins. In winter a very coarse blanket is thrown over the shoulders and hangs down the back. The villagers light a fire for them, if it be winter, under some tree, and here they sit, eat, and sleep. Sometimes the sadhu crouches on a bed of sharp spikes, several hours a day, while in his hands he holds his sacred beads on which he calls over the names of his gods. The badge of his calling is a pair of iron tongs, which he uses to lift the coals of fire to put on his pipeful of gunja ; for all of this class stupefy themselves by smoking this terrible drug. Sometimes their long hair is coiled on the top of their heads.

They may at times be seen with one hand held up until it becomes fixed in that position, and sometimes even both hands are thus extended. The poor fellow in the illustration had had his hands in this position for twelve years when I took the photograph. I said to him,—

“Don’t your arms pain you ?”

“Not now,” he replied. “When I first began, they pained me so I could not endure it, and so I had to tie them up ; but after they became fixed, they did not hurt any more.”

On entering the low door of a house, he must bend his body, allowing his hands to enter first. The common people do these singular creatures



HINDU DEVOTEE.



homage, and even the better educated and wealthy often bow down to the earth in front of them.

As I was coming up the street with this man, a babu (native gentleman) came out and saluted him, and asked him to stop a moment until his son should come out. Soon the son came. He was a young man, well dressed, and attending the government college at Balasore. He at first put his hands together in a suppliant attitude, and made a low bow to the sadhu. But that would not do. The sadhu told him to prostrate himself in the dust, which the young man at once proceeded to do. Then the sadhu put his foot upon him, to emphasize his humiliation. The underlying idea in pilgrimages is this doctrine of transmigration of souls, and penance is more often performed in this way than in any other.

Among the many images worshiped, few occupy a more prominent place than Juggernaut. He is simply a hideous, armless, legless, carved piece of wood. There are several legends which attempt to account for his form, and also for the sanctity of the town of Puri,—called also Juggernaut,—in the southern part of Orissa, where he originally appeared. At Puri is his greatest temple; but in many, and, in fact, every town in Orissa and Bengal, his temples are seen. The word means, “lord of the world,” and the great virtue of a pilgrimage is to see him, rather than to worship.

As our house was on the great pilgrim road, we

had opportunity of seeing and conversing with many of the pilgrims. Every day hundreds, and many days, thousands, of these poor creatures could be seen going to, or returning from, Puri. If we asked them what benefit they hoped to get from a sight of Juggernaut, they would reply, "*Mukti*" (freedom from sin).

At all times of the year pilgrims go more or less to see Juggernaut, but in much larger numbers when what is known as the *rath jatra*, or car festival, is to take place. This is the occasion of the annual ride of Juggernaut. There are, in fact, three days, during which the idol is exposed to public view. The first is the bathing festival, when he is taken from his temple, and, on a lofty platform, in the presence of a vast multitude of people, is bathed by the priests. They bathe themselves every day, but their god only once a year; so not being used to cold water, he is supposed to take a severe cold. He is therefore taken back and put into his temple for ten days, when he is again brought out, and, by the assistance of the priests, is made to walk up the inclined bridge from the ground to the platform of his huge car. He is placed under a canopy made of different colored cloths, and his car is festooned with flowers. By his side sit his brother Balarama and his sister Subhadra, or they may have separate cars. Three ponderous ropes, a thousand or fifteen hundred feet long, are attached to the car, and these are



JUGGERNAUT WITH HIS SISTER AND BROTHER ON THEIR CAR.



PILGRIMS GOING TO JUGGERNAUT.



laid along the street as far as they will extend. When the priests and musicians have assembled on the platform of the car, and the people have taken hold of the ropes, to the number of sometimes ten thousand, the officiating priest gives the order for the car to move. The musicians, with drums and horns and cymbals and other kinds of instruments, more designed to produce noise than harmony, begin to play, and the people begin to shout, and the great car begins to move. It is a monstrous, unwieldy affair, and with nothing to guide it but the ropes, often does damage to buildings along the streets. Juggernaut is taken to a neighboring temple, where his maternal aunt is supposed to reside, and after staying there a week, is again placed on his car,—though with much less enthusiasm on the part of the people than on the first occasion,—and is taken back to his own temple, where he sits until the next year.

In the city of Puri, pilgrims congregate to the number of from one to two hundred thousand to witness the rath. When the return festival is over, they begin to disperse. To get a correct idea of the sufferings of the pilgrims during their long journeys, and their stay at Puri, one must see them. The rath occurs in the month of July, when the rains are well upon us, and there are but scant accommodations for the people, and many have not the means to provide themselves with shelter, even if shelter could be had; so thousands sleep

under trees on the damp ground, thus bringing on cholera and other destructive and contagious diseases. To see a sick or dying or dead pilgrim lying alone, deserted by his friends, under the shade of some banian- or pepul- or mango-tree, is a most common sight.

This temple at Puri is supposed to be the richest shrine in all India. It employs seven hundred *pandas*, or Hindu missionaries, who go, two and two, into the villages all through India, to tell the poor, ignorant people of the great virtues of Juggernaut, and so persuade many to go on a pilgrimage who otherwise would not go.

The pandas make a careful inquiry into the financial standing of every one who engages to go on a pilgrimage ; this list is handed to the priests at Puri, and each one is charged according to his wealth to see Juggernaut in his temple ; none, however, being admitted for less than twenty rupees, or about six dollars. If they have not this amount, the priests lend to them, taking as interest an equivalent to three cents on a dollar per month. This is regarded as a sacred obligation, and binding upon the individual and his children and successors for fourteen generations. The priests often extort the last cent pilgrims have, and they are allowed to start home, not knowing where the next meal is to come from.

They sometimes go on a pilgrimage by prostrations. The person making this kind of pilgrimage





His Prayer.



His Prostration.

A DEVOTEE MAKING A PILGRIMAGE TO JUGGERNAUT BY PROSTRATIONS.

will stand in the road, put his hands together in a suppliant attitude, offer a short prayer, and then prostrate himself in the road, reaching out his hands as far as possible, and with a spike which he carries in his right hand, makes a mark in the dust or mud, as the case may be. He then gets up, puts his toes to this mark, says his prayer, and again prostrates himself. Three miles is the utmost distance a man can go in a day in this way, and more often they can go but a mile. They sometimes are three years in making this kind of pilgrimage.

One morning in the month of May, one of the hottest of our months, I met one of these men who was willing to talk. Often they take a vow of silence and speak to no one for the whole time occupied in a pilgrimage ; but this man stood as soon as I began to talk to him.

I said, "Do you think God is pleased to see you suffer as you do this morning ?"

Said he, "Yes, he is."

"But you are one of God's children, and he is full of love for his children, even though they have gone a long way from him in sin."

"No," said he, "God is not full of love ; he is very cruel."

Words were useless ; for the man had set his face toward Puri, and, after resting a moment, resumed his long and weary journey.

While it is true that the people can worship in

their own dooryard before the toolsy plant, and can worship under green trees, still they have thousands of temples. Some of these are but the rudest of shanties, and some are magnificent structures, and especially so if looked at from a distance. Many of them are covered with stucco-work from bottom to top. These figures represent scenes in their mythology, and to us whose education is so unlike theirs, often seem vulgar, or to have a suggestion of lewdness. I am told that the inside is worse than the outside in this respect. No Christian ever entered a Hindu temple, so I cannot speak from experience. In fact, we must not suppose that a Hindu temple is for the Hindus to worship in. They are for the idols and the priests. In the morning the priests perform the worship in the temple, and come out and sit on the porch, and smoke their pipe, and chew their pan, and gossip, and bathe in the tank near by; but they do not say comforting words to the poor and weary and heavy laden. They do not try to lift the loads off shoulders which are all but crushed, but on the other hand, lay heavier burdens upon them.

No glance at Hinduism would be at all complete without a reference to caste. Caste is social distinction based, not upon wealth, position, education, or character, but upon birth. It is perfectly natural for people of like tastes to associate together, and so the bigoted Hindu tells us that

Christian nations have caste. I have more than once been told by them, that there is just as much caste in England as in India. There can be no doubt that there is too much of a caste feeling growing up in some places, even in our own country ; but it is very different from the caste of India. There is nothing to prevent the people in the highest circles in this country from going down into the slums and helping raise up the fallen. In fact, they are doing that very thing, and year by year are doing more of that kind of work ; but not so with the caste people of India. A high-caste man does not want to touch a low-caste. He must on no account eat with him. If he does, he becomes an out caste. When some of these men in our Parliament of Religions in Chicago, said that they laid down a platform which they thought was broad enough for all to stand upon ; namely, "The fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man," they were loudly cheered. I have many friends among the high-caste gentlemen of the city of Balasore, in which we lived ; but truth compels me to say that they know practically nothing of the principle of the "brotherhood of man." Caste and that principle are at variance. Caste is the very essence of Hinduism, and when it is destroyed, Hinduism will fall.

## CHAPTER XII.

### AN OUTLINE OF THE HISTORY OF PROTESTANT MISSIONS.

A GREAT many centuries ago Syrian Christians existed along the Malabar Coast (northwestern coast of India). When Vasco de Gama, a Portuguese navigator, went to India early in the sixteenth century, he found these Christians with their own chieftain and their own distinct government. They were in no way connected with Hindu rulers. To this day they have their priest and bishop and Sunday service and liturgy, such as the Patriarch of Antioch used, and are called, wherever known, "St. Thomas Christians." The Syriac Version of the Scriptures was brought to India about A. D. 325.

The Portuguese planted a few mission stations a number of centuries ago, and in 1642 the Dutch began work in Ceylon. But what I wish more particularly to speak of, are the missionary efforts either within the past century or of those efforts which led to the activity of the past century in missionary work by Protestants.

To the Danes first belongs this honor. In 1705 two young Germans, Bartholomew Ziegenbalg and Henry Plutschau, were sent to Tranquebar, a city

about two hundred miles south of Madras (on the southeast), to commence mission work among the Hindus. These men were scholars and devoted to their work. In those early days there were many more difficulties to contend with than there are now. Often they were in sore need of money, and at one time Ziegenbalg was imprisoned for four months. When he came out, he found that the work he had been crystallizing up to that time, was all broken up. But though cast down, he was not destroyed, and with characteristic energy he began his work over again. Six years after his arrival in the country, he had completed a translation of the New Testament into the Tamil language. His literary and evangelistic labors were abundant, but not of very long duration, for in 1719 he died, mourned by three hundred and fifty-five Christians whom he had rescued from heathenism. The same year three other new missionaries came and joined the mission, among whom Schultz received the mantle of Ziegenbalg. The latter had translated the Old Testament as far as the book of Ruth. Schultz completed it. He was not confined to Tamil, but studied other languages, and translated portions of the Bible into Telugu and Portuguese, and the entire Bible into Hindustani. He began work in Madras, and extended it to other towns with a zeal which was consuming. In Madras, after fifteen years of work, he had seven hundred Christian persons in his congregation, to say noth-

ing of his work in Tranquebar (on the coast of Madras) and elsewhere.

July 30, 1750, Christian Friedrich Schwartz arrived in India. He was a man of deep piety, great zeal, broad education, excellent judgment, humble spirit, with but few wants, and with an affectionate and loving nature. It is no wonder that the people were drawn to him. The natives loved and revered him, the Hindu king of Tanjore (in Southern India) appointed him as guardian to his adopted son, while the British government appointed him arbitrator between itself and the haughty Hyder Ali, who had taken possession of the kingdom of Mysore and was spreading terror in every direction. "Let them," says Hyder, "send me the Christian Schwartz, for he will not deceive me." The Tanjore mission was founded by him, and mission stations all along the line were greatly strengthened. The native Christians of Tranquebar, Madras, Cuddalore, Trichinopoli, and Palumcotta numbered fifty thousand when Schwartz, "the apostle of India," in the year 1798, after forty-eight years of uninterrupted service in the mission field, died.

William Carey came to India in 1793. His field of labor was far removed from that of Schwartz, as he came at once to Bengal. It cannot be said that he was really the pioneer in mission work in Calcutta, for Kiernander, a Dane, had preceded him, and had met with some success. But the coming

of Carey was an important event in the history of Protestant missions in Bengal, and in fact in all India. When he first proposed to his brethren in England the plan of giving the gospel to the heathen, he met with but little sympathy. Still, in the face of opposition, he succeeded in organizing the Baptist Mission Society in 1792, and he was appointed its first missionary. Almost from the beginning of his work in India, he met with opposition from the East India Company. To get to India at all, he was obliged to come in a Danish ship, as the Company refused him passage in any of theirs. Upon his arrival in the country, he at once began the study of the language, but as the receipts of the society which sent him out were very small, want was staring him in the face. He went to the Soonderbuns, and thought to farm some and at the same time instruct the people. But the air of the Soonderbuns was poisoned with malaria, and he was obliged to go elsewhere. He accepted a position in an indigo factory in Malda (about midway between Calcutta and Darjiling). He remained here for five years, and during that time translated the New Testament into Bengali, and preached a great many times. In 1799 four English Baptist missionaries (Marshman, Ward, Brunsdon, and Grant) arrived in Calcutta, but when they let their object be known, the governor-general determined to send them back to England. They put themselves under the protec-

tion of the Danish governor, Colonel Bie, at Serampore (near Calcutta), who gave them help and sympathy and also refused to surrender them to the East India Company. Carey determined to leave his work at the indigo factory and join them. Thus began the work at Serampore, so famous in the history of missions. Here the missionaries entered into a compact to have all things common, and, after purchasing a large house and printing-press, went heart and soul into that work which has made their names famous in history. Their time was occupied in preaching in the villages and streets, printing the Bible and portions of it in Bengali, answering inquiries, and explaining the Christian religion to those who came to the house to hear. Their first convert was baptized in 1800, in the presence of a vast concourse of people, and in the following year they completed the translation of the Bible in Bengali. Carey, on account of his linguistic abilities, was appointed professor of Sanskrit, Bengali, and Marathi in Fort William College, first at a salary of \$3000 a year, which was afterward increased to \$7500 a year, all of which was thrown into the common fund of the "Brotherhood" at Serampore, and which was of invaluable help to them in their work. When Carey began his lectures in Bengali as professor, there was not a single prose work existing in that language. Now there are thousands of volumes flooding the country.

These missionaries set the noble example of putting their heel on the head of the serpent, caste, at the very beginning. At the first communion service the cup was given to a low-caste man before it was to a Brahmin convert.

This chapter is designed to be no more than a synopsis of the history of Protestant missions in India. Sherring's History will give the reader details of mission work, its rise and development in different sections of the country, and the different fields of the different societies.

From these beginnings the work has extended, and the methods these early missionaries adopted, are the methods, with variations, in use at the present day. From time to time other societies both from England and America have planted mission stations east, west, north, and south, until there is at the present time a network of centers from Ceylon in the south to the Punjab in the north, and from Assam in the east to the river Indus in the west. It is true, vast numbers have no intelligent idea of Christianity, and millions have no idea at all except to know there is such a religion, but the centers are occupied and the light is radiating.

We have no statistics of an earlier date than 1851. Then there were 91,092 Protestant native Christians in India. In 1881, or in thirty years, they had increased to 417,372, and ten years later, according to government statistics of 1891, to 559,-

661. It would be very interesting, if this were the place for it, to give a brief outline of the forty-nine societies now operating in the country; tell the field they occupy, the native and ordained agents of each, and the Christian communities of each. We will, for the sake of reference, group the cognate bodies together, regardless of the countries from which they came, and give a summary of statistics. The statistics of this table are condensed from the statistical report of the last Decennial Missionary Conference of India, given in 1890.

NAME OF DENOMINATION.	Number of their Societies.	Number of Foreign Ordained Agents.	Number of Native Agents, Lay and Ordained.	Number of Native Christians.
Baptist.....	10	129	640	133,122
Congregational.....	2	76	666	77,466
Episcopalian.....	6	203	119	193,363
Presbyterian.....	13	149	584	34,395
Lutheran.....	7	125	413	62,838
Methodist.....	3	110	677	32,381
Moravian.....	3	16	23	398
Woman's Societies.....	4	.....	.....	.....
Supplement.....	1	.....	.....	.....
Converts not connected with any of the above societies.....	..	.....	.....	150
Total.....	49	808	4122	559,661

These figures speak for themselves. With this army of intelligent, consecrated workers, and on the side of God, what can they not accomplish?



TOP ROW.—Dr. Burkholder, Dr. N. M. Phillips, Dr. J. L. Phillips, Dr. F. Griffin, Dr. Mary Bacheler, Miss Butts, M. C. Miner, J. Rae, M. J. Coldren.  
SECOND ROW.—Mrs. Rae, Mrs. Griffin, Mrs. Phillips, Dr. O. R. Bacheler, Mrs. Bacheler, E. C. Hall, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Halloway.  
THIRD ROW.—Mrs. Burkholder, Mrs. Coldren, Mrs. Miner, Miss Coombs, E. B. Stiles, Mrs. Ager, Geo. Ager.  
CHILDREN.—Burkholder, Griffin, Burkholder, Miner, Griffin, Coldren, Miner, Griffin, <sup>4</sup> Griffin.



A GROUP OF FREE BAPTIST MISSIONARIES OF SOUTHERN BENGAL, 1893.

Dr. M. C. Bamjee

M. D. (HARV'D)

CITY HEALTH DEPT.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.  
CHAPTER XIII.

MISSION WORK AND HOW CARRIED ON.

DURING the time I have been in India, I have had the privilege of visiting a number of mission fields besides our own, and have also had an opportunity of observing their methods of work. I find that most mission societies work along on about the same lines, so when I speak of our work, and perhaps of some personal experiences, they may be taken as representative of mission work in general so far as methods are concerned.

Places where mission work is established, are called either "stations" or "out-stations." A station is the place where one or more missionaries live, where there is a Christian church, and usually more or less of other lines of work. An out-station is a place connected with the station ; *i. e.*, under charge of one of the missionaries of the station. There may or may not be a branch church or a school. There are lines of work in proportion to the size of the place, and its importance. In nearly all of the larger stations there is a native pastor, as assistant to the missionary pastor. He is ordinarily a faithful and competent man, except that as a rule he lacks executive ability. In the church the services are conducted, upon the whole, about

the same as they are in their respective denominations at home. In some of our churches all the people sit on the floor on grass mats, while in others the women sit on the floor, and the men and boys on chairs and benches, while in still others, and especially in the large cities, all sit in chairs or pews. In our own mission the great majority of the people in our churches sit on the floor. This is the way they sit in their houses, so they prefer it to any other position.

The service is conducted in the vernacular language of the place. There are one hundred and twenty languages and dialects in India, so there are that many languages, or nearly as many, used in the services of the churches. In our mission there are four Indian languages besides the English used. The two principal languages are those derived directly from the Sanskrit, and these, therefore, are very similar ; namely, Bengali and Oriya. Hindustani is a language which is generally understood by the better educated natives all over India. This is used at times, and especially in preaching to up-country pilgrims. The fourth is the Santali, and entirely unlike these last three. It belongs to another family of languages entirely, as the Santals were among the aborigines of the country, hundreds of years before the Sanskrit came into India.

Our churches are built either of brick or mud, like buildings described in a previous chapter. The windows are of plain glass, if there be any

glass windows. More often there is nothing in the windows but heavy, strong shutters. The seats are not upholstered, and the floor is not carpeted save at times with grass matting, or large coarse cloth spreads. In country churches usually, a temporary mat is spread just for that particular service. The worshipers, as a rule, come dressed in clean white cotton clothes. There is some exception, but only enough to make a pleasing variety. Some of the women may have on yellow or purple silk, and some of the children bright red. A few of the more wealthy men may have on a black or tussur-silk *chapkan*.<sup>1</sup> Those wearing the latter garment will have on pantaloons, while the greater number wear the *dhute*.<sup>2</sup> The cloth of the women, whether it be pure white with a border of some bright color, or silk, is the *sari*.<sup>3</sup> The women have some jewelry on their wrists and fingers, and if vain and of means, may have a heavy silver chain around the hips.

Let us stand, if you please, at the gate in front of the church as the last bell on a Lord's-day morning is calling the people to worship. See them come from their homes, and file along the narrow streets of their villages. Watch them as they enter

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<sup>1</sup> A long coat worn by the native men.

<sup>2</sup> A cloth five yards long which is wound around the loins and covers the legs to some extent.

<sup>3</sup> A cloth five yards long wound around the body, and coming over the head.

the church until it is nearly or quite full. Let us go in ourselves and look around. Here are the men and boys on one side, and the women and girls on the other. Perhaps we are surprised to see them so separated, but we must remember that among the Hindus the men and the women do not sit together, nor eat together, nor walk along the street together. If a man and his wife are traveling together, he usually walks before her, carrying an umbrella over his head, while she comes behind. If there be a baby to carry, she has it. Our native Christians cannot in a single generation cast all their prejudices behind them, and sit with their women folks on the floor. They are learning more and more the true relationship of the family. A generation hence we shall probably see them all sitting together, but now we do not.

We shall see behind the desk the dark-faced preacher, and hear him read from the same Book we hear read in this country. Its precepts and promises find the same echo in hearts there as here, for like temptations and burdens come to them. He lifts his heart and voice to the same God for a blessing upon his flock. He prays for himself, that he may be able to speak the word in plainness and in love, and with the fulness of the Spirit. He reads a hymn. It may be a translation from an English hymn, or written by one of the native hymn-writers. The congregation all join in singing the hymn. We are not used to their music, so

it may sound discordant to us, and at times there is discord ; but after we get used to their singing, we rather enjoy it. The minister announces his text, and preaches a sermon, good, bad, or indifferent, the same as we may hear in America. Usually, however, they preach with eloquence and fervor. It would not always happen that the native pastor would be preaching. If the missionary pastor were in the station, he might be preaching. If we would realize the benefits Christianity has conferred on these people, contrast their appearance and character with Hindus of the same social grade.

There are those among English officials who denounce missionary effort and native Christians. I have seen some such. The trouble is, they have not been looking for the best types. The story is told of one such going home to England. On the ship was also a missionary returning. The official was not slow in denouncing the native Christians. "In fact," said he, "I have never seen a genuine native Christian." He had been a great sportsman, and talked often of his tiger hunts and the number he had shot. The missionary said to him one day, "I have been in India twenty years, and have never seen a tiger. You say you have seen many. You have been in India five years, and you say you have never seen a native Christian. I have seen many. You have been looking for tigers, and I for Christians. We have both found what we have been looking for." All our native Christians are

not faithful. Sometimes they do not come to the prayer-meetings and other social meetings of the church. There are some who quarrel, and it is not impossible to find those who will cheat, and even lie. I have *heard* of such things in churches in America, where for all our lives through we have been taught of Christ and his precepts, and where good influences instead of evil have surrounded us. But while there are the unfaithful, there are also the faithful ones. There are those who will suffer as much persecution, and endure as many hardships, and are as abundant in labor, as those of any land or in any age.

In every station there are more or less schools to be looked after. There is no such thing as co-education except with very small children ; therefore the Christian boys' schools and girls' schools are separate institutions. There is a secretary for each. There may be a separate one for each, or one person can be secretary for both. The secretary is the important official in a school there. He has the financial responsibility, pays the teachers, collects the fees and fines, makes returns monthly to the government of attendance and receipts from all sources, etc.

The government is liberal in its grants to mission schools, and is deserving of the thanks of all missionaries. In consideration of these grants, it reserves the right to inspect schools and prescribe text-books. It is better for the schools that they should

be subject to government inspection, for the teachers do better work, and the pupils have a better standing. There is quite a large range of text-books, so that suitable ones can be had. I can say, after having been secretary of a number of schools for many years, that I never suffered inconvenience, nor had my plans thwarted by government interference. In our Christian boys' schools there are always Hindu and Mohammedan boys as well as Christian boys. Every morning our school was opened with the reading of the Bible, singing, and prayer. We cannot compel Hindu nor Mohammedan boys to be present at these, but as a matter of fact, they are generally there, and frequently take part in these exercises. The last year we were in Balasore, a Hindu boy took the first prize for proficiency in Bible study.

We aim to put Christian teachers in these schools as far as possible, but it often happens that we can get a better teacher among the Hindus than we can *available* men in our Christian community. There is a vast difference between putting a Hindu teacher in one of our Hindu schools, and putting a Hindu teacher in a Christian school under missionary supervision. A Hindu teacher in these little Hindu schools may in five minutes after the missionary has left the school (after inspection), counteract anything he may have said by explaining it away, or making it apply to their religion. In a Christian school it is very different. The teacher's work

there is not to teach religion, but secular branches of study. He in no way interferes with the religion of his pupils. If he be a Hindu and should speak against the Christian religion, there would be any number of boys to report him. He would not jeopardize his position by doing so. Besides, the Christian boys in the school have other Christian influences thrown about them in the home, and Sunday-school, and church. To teach the principles of Christianity is not the object of the school. The object is to give the boys a good education, and for this purpose a good *teacher* is necessary. I would say that we should put the best teachers we can get in our Christian schools, but put only Christian teachers in our little Hindu schools. The object desired must govern our action.

Almost every missionary must spend from one to three or four hours a day at his writing-desk. He has quite an army of Christian workers, and with each of these he must keep an account. If he is a secretary of a school, he has all reports to look after, and make out for the government, and to keep the school accounts. He must make out his estimates for his work for the home society, and his report to it. He has many personal correspondents. From all over the home land, more or less, there are coming requests for something to read at the mission society or the yearly conference. The editors of our papers and magazines say sometimes, and in fact, often, "Write us more articles."

Then in addition to this, many missionaries do a great deal of literary work. School-books are written, and tracts of different kinds in the vernacular, and translations are made from English books. When we remember that when Carey began his work in India a century ago, there was not a single prose work in Bengal in the vernacular, and no literature of a pure character at all, and that now the Bible has been translated into almost every dialect, and thousands of books and tracts can be had, we can see that somebody has done something in the literary line. Then also the missionary has contributed to the literature of the world by giving us works on science, philosophy, religion, etc., of not only India but all other countries into which he has gone.

In almost every large station there is some attempt to teach the Christian boys and girls some useful trade. These industrial schools, or an industrial department to the day-schools, are becoming a necessity. The government is also seeing this, and offering very liberal grants to efficient schools of this kind. These are especially needed in Christian communities, for we want Christian artisans as well as teachers and preachers. Every preacher and teacher ought to know how to do something more than simply to preach and to teach. If the people can get hold of this idea, a long step will be made toward India's redemption. The people have been in the habit of thinking that if a man is a clerk or

a teacher, he must not soil his hands with manual labor. As a result, there are thousands with a good education who have no employment, and are of no use to society. The aim in establishing these industrial schools is not only to teach a useful trade, but to teach that manual labor, even for a preacher or a teacher, is far more honorable than idleness.

Nearly all missions have schools of a higher grade, and some have theological seminaries and colleges. Missions need the best trained men they can get. Hinduism has able scholars, and Christianity must be able to put men of intellect in the field. It is still the "foolishness of preaching," but the preaching of such men as Paul had a wonderful influence on the heathen mind. Through the schools of various grades our native Christians are pushing their way to the front very fast. In proportion to their numbers, they are outstripping all others in government examinations. Through the law of the "survival of the fittest," Christianity must make its way. But we are not to conquer by that slow and natural process, but by the might of God's Spirit. A prominent place is given to Sunday-school work, young people's meetings, temperance societies, meetings for mothers, teachers' meetings, etc. No effort is being spared to put our Christians on a higher plane intellectually and spiritually.

Aside from the work for our native Christians,

a great many kinds of work are being carried on for the conversion of the heathen. There are schools for poor Hindu children here and there throughout the cities and towns. These are called "ragged schools," but really they should be called naked schools, for as a matter of fact, many of the children come naked, or nearly so. You may find these schools in various places, sometimes under the spreading limbs of a banian-tree, sometimes on the veranda of a house, and sometimes in a house built on purpose for them. The teacher may be a Christian man or woman, or a Hindu. The pupils sit on the ground and with a hard kind of chalk write on sand, or on a smooth board, or on a slate. They write as the teacher gives them the pattern. He makes the first letter of the alphabet, tells its name in a loud voice, and bids each of them do the same. Their efforts at making it are various, but they can all pronounce it in a loud voice. So they sit hour after hour making the letters, and each time shouting in concert their names. From the letters they go on to something more complicated. These schools are, as a rule, under the supervision of some lady missionary, and she visits them as often as possible to inspect the work being done, and teach Bible verses and stories and the catechism.

The great event in the year with the children of these schools, is the annual distribution of presents.

Friends from England and America send out dolls, patchwork, and various other things so that this occasion is made possible. Some lady of the station presides to distribute the presents, and the superintendent reads out the names. When Phulmani, Malati, Sundari, Haramani, and many other similar names are called off, the possessor goes forward to receive her present. It is almost needless to say that on such occasions they are dressed in the best the house can afford. When they receive their presents, each makes a low bow, which is about the only demonstration observed.

The work of the zenana teacher is important. A glance at the life of these women and their homes, will, I think, convince us of this. The zenana in Bengal is the home of the high-caste women. These women are married even before they are women. At the tender age of eleven or twelve years, they go to live with their husbands, whom they may never have seen before, and in the selection of whom they have had no choice. This is done by the parents. The time for the wedding is when the village astrologer says the sun, moon, and stars are auspicious. It is a great time in the home of the bride, the day she is married, for all the relatives and friends must be feasted, and the air is filled with the music of the village band, and garlands of flowers adorn the house and premises. But it seems to us that the happy days must be over, when the marriage ceremony is over, for the

little girl wife is put in a *palky*<sup>1</sup> and carried to the home of her husband's father, which to her, is a strange house. Here she is placed under the care of her mother-in-law who may treat her kindly, or who may not. If we can believe half we hear, the latter is more likely to be her lot. Her husband stands by his mother, rather than by his wife, so is it any wonder that many days and nights are spent in loneliness and crying? Not only is there but little joy in the home, but she is shut out from all the beauties of the outside world, for she is a prisoner now for life. The house may have a number of windows, but they are high, and barred, and there is but one outside door, which she must never approach. From the court in the center, she can see some grass and flowers which may be growing in it, and always the sky overhead, but that is all. If she ever returns to see her mother's home, it must be in this same *palky*, with a colored cloth tied closely over it so she cannot even look out.

Until recently none of these women could even read or write, as the Hindus did not think it necessary to educate girls. Our lady missionaries wanted to enter these homes, and a way was opened through the desire of the native gentlemen to have their wives learn fancy work. Mrs. Mullins, of Calcutta, was the first to gain access to these prison homes, by agreeing to teach the babu's

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<sup>1</sup> A long box with poles at each end, by means of which people are carried on the shoulders of men.

wife how to make embroidered slippers, with the privilege of teaching her, at the same time, to read the Bible. That was the key which unlocked the door, and it has remained open ever since.

If you were in a mission station at Midnapore or Balasore, you would see each morning either a large covered wagon or a number of native carts coming to the home of the superintendent, and from here start to the bazaars. Either all the native Christian women teachers would congregate here or at some point on the road, where they could be taken up. In these conveyances they are taken down in the vicinity of the zenanas, where they separate, going two by two into the houses. They teach the women to read, write, sew, and embroider. They must learn to read before you can put good books into their hands. The object of this work is not only to brighten their lives for to-day, but to open the door of their hearts for the entering in of the Light which will help to brighten their lives all through the years to come.

Each morning also you might see the superintendent starting off on her rounds to visit these same houses. She must see that faithful work is being done by the teachers, and look to the progress of the pupils in secular and religious knowledge. This is her opportunity really to accomplish the work which is uppermost in her heart—the bringing of her pupils to Christ.

Another part of the work is the sending out of Bible women. These women are lay preachers really, and go from house to house just as the zenana teachers do, only they do not go so much to the homes of the rich, and their work is not to teach reading and writing, but to evangelize. They sit upon the verandas, or in the rooms, and read the Bible, sing hymns, talk, and pray with the women who gather around them. They find many sad lives, but are sometimes able to inspire hope by telling the story of Christ's life, and what he came to do for those who accept him.

Connected with almost every mission is at least one orphanage for both boys and girls. These of course are separate, and the girls' are generally the fullest, as people will always part with their girls first. These are filled from various sources. Sometimes the mother dies, and the father cannot care for all the family. Sometimes both die, and the children either hear of these homes for the homeless, and wander to them themselves, or some one brings them. Sometimes the police find a child by the wayside. In this way they come, and are provided with a home, and are cared for and educated. Some of our best workers come from these homes.

Bazaar preaching is also carried on in all the larger stations. The bazaar, we must remember, is the business part of a town, so bazaar preaching is simply street preaching. This work is always done in the evening, and for two reasons. One is,

it is cooler, and we can work with no fear of the sun, and the other is, we can meet the people. The principal meal of the day is eaten just before the people retire at night, and they come to the bazaar to buy food for this meal, and for the following day's dinner. This is why we can find people in the evening. There are also, in larger stations, rest-houses for pilgrims where, for a few cents, they may cook and eat and rest for the night, or even at times for a few days. We may, therefore, always meet more or less of these at our preaching stand.

The question has often been asked me, "How do you conduct bazaar preaching?" In the station in which we lived, Balasore, there were two principal bazaars, and in each of these we had a preaching stand. These stands were simply platforms of brick-work, and situated in the most public places in the bazaars. At about six o'clock I would meet one or two of the native preachers at one or the other of these stands. We might have with us a man to sell tracts, or we might ourselves have some. We would begin by singing a hymn, or playing upon some instrument. The music would attract the people, and from the shops near by, or the market square they would begin to gather around the stand. It might be pilgrims would be passing, and hearing the singing, would stop. When the singing was over, we might offer a short prayer, or read a few passages of Scripture, or pro-

ceed at once to address the people. We must always bear in mind that we are preaching to people who know but little, and often nothing, of the Christian religion ; therefore, our preaching must be simple and explanatory as a rule. If it would attract attention, it must abound with illustrations. This might serve as one : "Midnapore is north of us, and Cuttack is south. If you were walking south, and wanted to go to Midnapore, what would you do ?" The answer would come back from the crowd, "Turn around and go in the other direction." Then you apply your illustration : "Heaven is a pure place, and God is pure, but if you are walking in sin, you are going away from this pure place. What must you do to go to heaven ?" "Turn around." Then we may tell them of Christ, who is the way to the Father. Simple Bible illustrations and parables are always profitable. The story of the prodigal son always arrests their attention. Personal experiences are good, and especially if some self-righteous, conceited young Brahmin wants to argue. Tell the people how your life, your hopes, your ambitions, your desires, have all been changed. Tell them how, by accepting Christ, he has saved you from the love of sin, from the guilt of sin, and from the power of the evil one. Now you may say, "Here is a young man who says Hinduism is as good as any religion. Let him get up on the platform, and tell you how it has saved him from a sinful life, and changed the cur-

rent of his life entirely." Of course he has no experience of that kind, and usually he has nothing more to say.

We do not always have an orderly crowd. There may be lepers there, who have business in view. They catch your eye, and reach out their distorted hands for a little money. Some man wants to sell a cow or a goat by auction, and thinks that crowd would be a good one to bid. You must tell him that for the time being this is a preaching stand, but when you leave, he can use it to auction off his cow.

Some young men from the college who are studying English may want to tell what they have learned against Christianity from Ingersoll's or some other infidel works. Brahmin priests may be there to oppose. Their craft is in danger, and they must not sit quietly by, and see it destroyed. Pilgrims are there. These have gone long journeys, seeking rest and freedom, and are weary and heavy laden both with a sense of their need and the fatigue of the way. To invite such unto the One who said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," is a blessed privilege. Sometimes they come. All the seed sown is not sown on good ground, neither is it all wasted. As in the parable of the sower, so it is here. I have known of a number of conversions as the result of bazaar preaching.

In many respects country work is the most en-

joyable and inspiring of any work the missionary has to do. As a rule, it is carried on in the cold season. We already know what this is like. The telling of our message to those who have never heard it, adds new interest to the work. "How is it conducted? Tell us all about it," are questions I have to answer often. When the rains are over, and the fields are dry, we overhaul our tents and put them in order, look over our books and tracts, and order more if necessary, see what food-supplies we have, and notify our native workers when we are going to start.

Our carts are secured for a month, and are brought to the house to be loaded. Our tent-poles are tied under the cart, and a stretcher or cot-bed put on the cover. Inside we put bedding, tents, books, food, and water, a change or two of clothes for ourselves, and many other things. Two or three lanterns, and as many bottles of kerosene oil will be tied to the slats of the cover. Each of the native brethren has a box, with a blanket and a shawl tied on the top of it, which he wishes to put in some place. With difficulty you find a place for these. The man who drives the bullocks has a bundle of wood to cook the bullocks' food (and his own), an old oil tin in which to boil it, a box, and a bundle of straw. We readjust and get these in or on. "Are we ready to start?"—No; here comes the cook, with a box of cooking utensils, six chickens tied together by the legs, and his own

box. We offer a silent prayer for more grace and patience, and with strings and twisted straw get these disposed of. "Now hitch on your bullocks, and let us be off quickly, for it is getting very late." Then the cartman comes, and asks for a little oil to grease his cart. "Have you not greased your cart yet? Why did you not grease it before you loaded it?" The question may have just a little of an impatient sound in it, if we are not careful, but we proceed to get the oil, for he tells us, "In this country it is the custom to grease carts *after* they are loaded." We get two or three men to help, the cart is greased, the driver lifts up the yoke, and tells the bullocks to walk under their burden; he gets astride the tongue, gives each one a blow, and we are really off.

The objective point is at first some bungalow, or a village where there is none. If the latter, we find some shady knoll if we can, and here we pitch our tent and make ourselves as comfortable as possible. Our native brethren have a tent close beside ours. Before retiring, we ask them into our tent, read a portion of the Word, and each joins in prayer, and asks God's blessing upon us and the work we are to do in the village. We get in our cot, and tuck our mosquito-netting as carefully around us as possible, for we do not want any stray centipede or scorpion as a bedfellow. We do not fall asleep at once, for there are many sounds outside the tent. The jackal, which has a

keen scent for good things to eat, has come a mile to get a bit of the chicken we may have left from dinner. Half a dozen others are with him, or he is calling to them from a distance. His shrill bark is not conducive to sleep. The dogs in the village—lean, cross, scabby dogs—seem to think something unusual has happened, and they keep up a constant barking. Not far away is a village temple, and the priests and their sons are singing from the sacred books. The music is in a high key, and sounds like the song of the plowboys. Is it the singing of priests, or the singing of children in the Sunday-school? Are we in India or America? Sometimes it seems like one, and sometimes like the other, and we awake with the sun shining through the opening of our tent. The cook prepares us a little breakfast, and we are ready for the work we came to do. We hail a passer-by, and inquire for the head man in the village. He tells us his name, and shows us where he lives. We go and call on him. If he be a friendly man; *i. e.*, friendly to us, he will come out and put his hands together, raise them to his forehead, and make a low bow. Then he brings out a piece of grass matting, and asks us to sit down. The veranda on the outside is the reception-room for all men who are not members of the family. His name may be Hori Prasad Das. We talk to him of his crops, cows, and children, and a few things of this nature, and then perhaps ask him if

he would like to hear some good news. He always likes to hear good news, and we tell him the best news ever told the world : —

“As you have sacred books, so do we, and our book tells us of God, and how he created man, and how man by sin went far away from God. It tells us of God’s great interest in man, and how he tried to bring man back to him by sending his Son into the world, who took our nature, and was tried and tempted as we are, but did not sin. He had compassion for the sinful and suffering, and did all he could to help them. He gave the world the best teaching it has ever received, and the people who live the nearest these teachings are the best and happiest. If all would accept him, and live by his teachings, it would turn our sorrowful world into a heaven. At last he was sacrificed as an offering for sin, and he arose from the grave, and now lives to help all who want to come to him and follow after him. He is the great Teacher, and he wants us all to become his disciples.” We talk like this to Hori Babu, and while we are talking, many of his neighbors gather in his yard, and sit down upon their heels to listen. We may ask him if he would not like to accept this Teacher as his teacher. He would tell us, probably, “What you say is very good, and those are certainly good teachings which Christ taught, but if I should accept them, and become a Christian, my landlord would dispossess me, and my wife would disown me, and my chil-

dren would not call me father, and my people would cast me out." It is a difficult thing for poor Hori, and yet some accept. Not at first, but after repeated efforts. Then a little school is started in his village, and a Christian man is put in it, and they work with Hori's family and neighbors until a church grows out of that small beginning. In this way little lights are being kindled here and there, and they are growing larger, and penetrating farther into the darkness around. Just when the rays from thousands of centers shall cross each other, and all India be enveloped in the "Light of the world," none of us know; but the time is surely coming, and may be much nearer than even the most sanguine of us think. May God hasten the day!

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE PROSPECT FOR SUCCESS.

A RETURNED missionary lady was asked to prepare a paper in one of the recent May anniversaries in London on the subject of "Discouragements in Mission Work in India." She went on the platform, announced her subject, and simply said, "There are none," and sat down. There are some, yea, many obstacles; and coming events so cast their shadows before, that it sometimes seems darker than it really is. But the prospects are as good as the promises of God. Let us glance at a few of the hopeful signs:—

The opposition of the Brahmins is encouraging. There was a time when they ignored missionary efforts, or smiled at their futile attempts. They were like men in a fortress gray with age, and strong, who were watching a few pygmies trying to batter down the walls. They said, like the Samaritans who saw the Jews trying to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem, "What do these feeble Jews?" They said, "Hinduism is old, and strongly entrenched in the lives and customs of our people, and we are a conservative nation; therefore, what will the efforts of these few missionaries amount to?" But their indifference has turned into oppo-

sition in some places, and that of the most bitter kind.

Only a few years ago the Madras Hindu Tract Society was organized to counteract the influence of Christian tracts. It was not the purpose of this society so much to set forth the excellences of the Hindu religion, as it was to oppose the Christian religion. Not very long ago in the city of Benares a great meeting of the Brahmins and *pundists* was called for the purpose of devising ways and means to stop the progress of Christianity. It was first a meeting of fasting and prayer, and then they entered into a discussion of their plans. They said, “‘These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also.’ Their women enter our homes, and are turning away the hearts of our wives, and the teachers in the schools are perverting the minds of our children, and our ears are filled with their bazaar preaching, and their books and tracts are going as silent messengers into our homes. Unless we adopt their methods, we shall be left behind in the race.” So they issue and distribute their tracts, and preach in the bazaars against Christianity, and often try to disturb us in our preaching. They forget that it is the living Christ and not methods which is the source of success. They may try to attach Christian methods to a lifeless religion, but they cannot restore it to life.

The people are becoming unsettled religiously.

They have the Brahmo-Somaj, the aim of which is to reform Hinduism, and the Arga-Somaj, which promises to restore to the people primitive Hinduism. Theosophy and sundry isms find here a hot-bed in which to grow. They want something they have n't got, and are grasping for it here and there.

There is a feeling on the part of many of the people that Hinduism is to die, and that Christianity is to be the religion of the country. Often in the bazaar while preaching, we hear this confession, "Christianity is to be the religion after a time." "Why, then, will you not accept it?" "We cannot," they say, "come alone, but when all the rest of the villages get ready to come, then we will come."

The more thoughtful ones know that there is no power in Hinduism to elevate the people or to make them better. I was once in my cold-season work visiting a large village at the head of which was a very intelligent man. In the course of a conversation with him, I said, "Babu, I want to ask you a few questions about the Hindu religion."

"Very well," he said, "ask anything you wish."

"Are your people more truthful than they were many hundreds of years ago?"

He replied, "No, I do not think they are as truthful. In fact, you can hardly find a really truthful man. We have a proverb that says, 'If a man will not lie, neither shall he eat.'"

"Are your people more honest and upright in

their deal than they were a thousand years ago?"

"I do not think they are as much so. You can hardly find a man who will not take advantage in a deal," he replied.

"Are your people more chaste and virtuous?"

"There are very few pure-minded people," was his reply.

"How long has Hinduism prevailed in this country?" I asked.

"Three thousand years or more," he replied.

"If you have had Hinduism for so many years, and your people are getting no better, but, as you confess, worse, when are they to be made better by Hinduism?"

He said, "We have no hope for our people in this age. Our sacred books tell us of an Age of Truth, and when that comes, we shall be made better."

It gave me great satisfaction to say to him, "The Age of Truth is already here. When Christ came and began his great work, he said, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.' The Age of Truth that you have been looking for is found in Christ, and all that you hope from that age is found in him."

Caste is the great strength of Hinduism, and those rules are evidently weakening. Caste is a chain which was forged by the higher classes to be put upon the necks of the lower classes. They are

finding out that the chain forged for the necks of others, is a most galling chain upon their own necks, and many of the more thoughtful ones would be only too glad to have it broken. I was once detained for two days in company with a native gentleman in a small canal-boat, waiting for the Calcutta steamer. I had with me my cook and a basket of food, and he had a cook with him and some native foods. Our meals were prepared separately, but when brought in, we each shared freely the food of the other. During those tedious two days, we became very communicative, and he told me freely of his family affairs, which were, briefly, something like this : He had five daughters and one son, and belonged to the caste next below the Brahmins. The marrying of his daughters to suitable men in his caste had cost him all he had earned or could ever hope to earn, though he was getting a splendid salary from the government. The caste rules of the Hindus compelled him to get husbands for his daughters in the same caste, and these husbands brought a big price. If he could go outside his caste, he would have no difficulty, but as it was, he was bound hand and foot. He denounced the system as galling and iniquitous. The fact that he freely ate with me showed how little he regarded it. At length the steamer came along, and we found on board a native deputy magistrate from Balasore. This was early in the morning, before we had eaten our

morning meal. I told my man to prepare me some tea and toast, and then turned and asked these two native gentlemen if they would not allow me to have some toast prepared for them. Of course they refused. I did not expose the man who had been freely eating my bread the day before. Then he was with me, and now he was with his fellow caste man. We kept in this boat until we got to the end of the canal at Gewakallie. As the boat was not going up until morning, the deputy magistrate and I hired a rowboat to take us across to Diamond Harbor, where we could get the train for Calcutta. This was a ride of several miles, and on the way supper time came, and each of us brought out our lunch baskets. Now the gentleman who so graciously refused my offer of food in the morning, was ready to share with me the contents of my basket, while I helped him eat his native sweets. In the presence of each other neither of these native gentlemen would touch my food, but away from each other, both would. So it is. Thousands of the educated people despise caste, and yet they are held to its rules for fear of each other.

I called once on a native civil surgeon, who was acting for the time being for our European civil surgeon of Balasore. I said, "I suppose, doctor, you completed your medical studies in Europe." He replied, "No; fool that I was, I did not go to England. I had a great desire to, but our caste rules prevented it, and I observed them to my great

detriment. I have put before me an insurmountable barrier to any further promotion. I have wished a hundred times I had gone in spite of them ; in fact, it is a daily cause of regret." When such a feeling becomes general, caste will go, just as their houses go after they are all eaten up with white ants. Only a shell remains, which is ready to crumble to pieces.

Our army of native helpers is a most encouraging feature in the work. There was a time in the history of every mission when there were no native workers, and how the hearts of the missionaries leaped for joy when they got perhaps only one or two, and these of an indifferent quality ; but those days are past. Every mission has some, and many missions many of these. Some of them are educated, talented men, and many of them are men of zeal and deep piety, and would be an honor to any pulpit in any country. One of our own native preachers, Suchie Dananda Rai, I would be proud to put in any pulpit in America if he could use English as well as he can Bengali. In another chapter I have spoken more at length on the different branches of Christian work carried on through the help of these native agencies. Our native Christians are pushing themselves to the front, and it is only a question of time when they will exert a great influence in the country. The Hindu must be converted, or make way for the superior class which is by the power of the gospel being raised up out of their midst.



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